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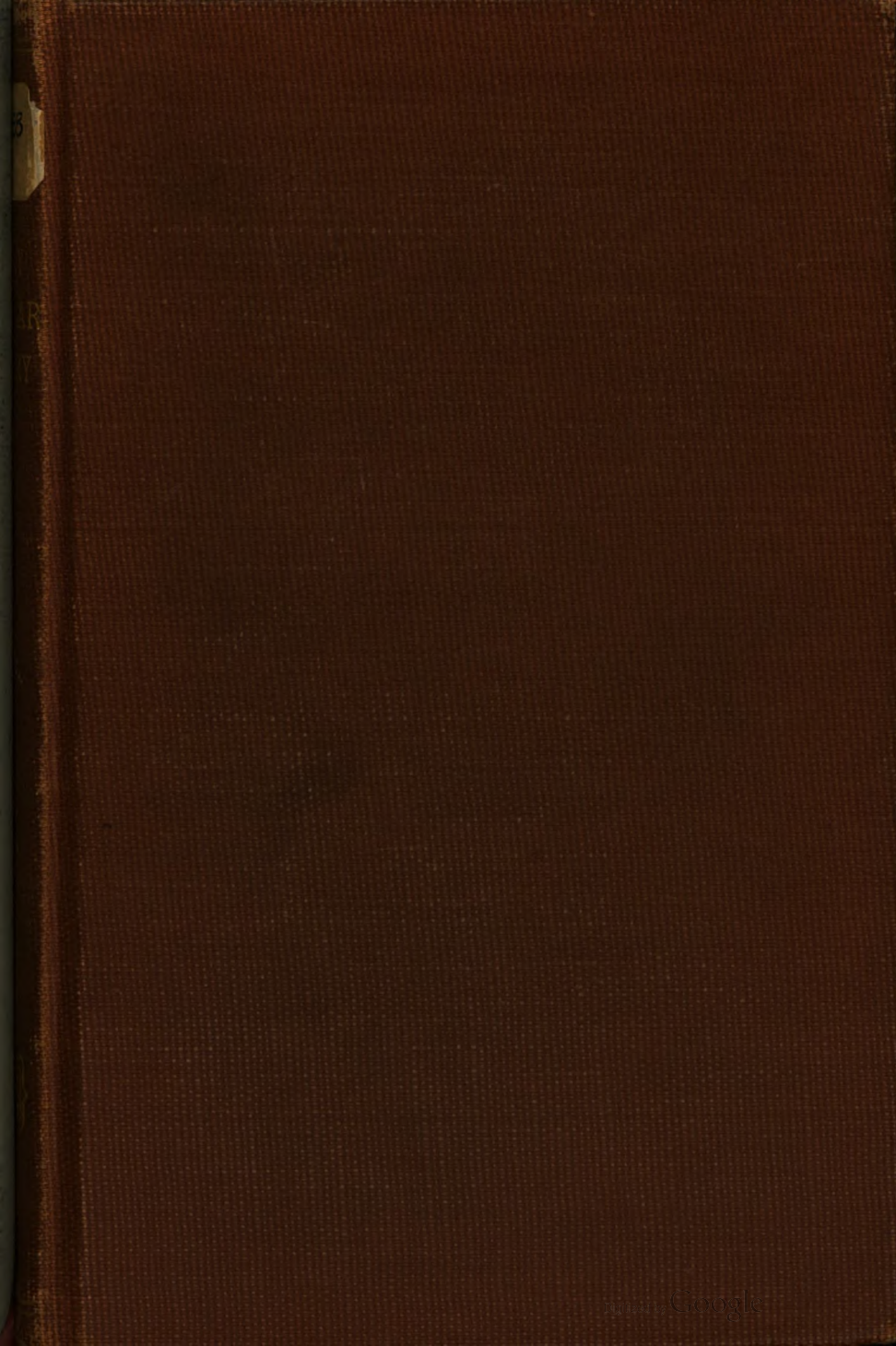
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②  
**SELECT PIECES**  
**OF**  
**EARLY POPULAR POETRY:**  
**RE-PUBLISHED PRINCIPALLY**  
**FROM**  
**EARLY PRINTED COPIES,**  
**IN**  
**THE BLACK LETTER.**

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**VOL. II.**

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*S. H. B. B. B. B.*



**LONDON:**  
**WILLIAM PICKERING, CHANCERY LANE.**  

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**M.DCCC.XXV.**

“ I wol do my dilpence  
 “ As ferre as sowneth in to honessie  
 “ To tel you a tale, ye two or thre.”

*Chaucer's Monk's Prologue.*

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# ¶ THE HYE WAY

TO

## The Spyttell Hous.



### ¶ COPLAND AND THE PORTER.

¶ Who so hath lust, or wyll leane his thryft,  
And wyll fynd no better way nor shyft,  
Come this hye way, here to seke some rest,  
For it is ordeyned for eche vnthrifty gest.

*Although the name of R. Copland is more generally known as a printer than a poet, yet the little tract, now become extremely scarce, and here reprinted, certainly gives him a fair title to the appellation, though its poetical merit is not of the highest class.*

*It has been justly characterized by Ritson as a "dialogue of some humor and merit," and he himself suggests the propriety of republishing it. Independent however of its poetical claims, it is curious as affording us considerable information as to the state of the lower classes of society in the early part of the 16th century, and particularly so far as respects that large portion of it which lived on the industry and benevolence of others. The late enquiries into the state of mendicity by the legislature have elicited many curious particulars of the frauds and artifices of beggars; but it appears, on perusing Copland's satire, that the ingenuity of these drones in the great hive of society, even in his time, was not inferior to that of the most skilful supplicants to the charity and benevolence of their fellow creatures, who occupy their respective walks in St. Paul's Church-yard, Tottenham Court Road, &c. in the present day. The Report of the Committee of the House of Commons, to which the enquiry was delegated, forms no improper comment on the state of mendicity in the 16th century.*

*The soap-eater of the present day is hardly aware*



*that a similar mode of extorting charity was practised in the streets of London as far back as the reign of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. and that his assumed fits were also practised by impostors at the same period. As little probably do the frequenters of the Rose and Crown in St. Giles's, called, in the slang cant of these profligates, the Beggars' Opera, or of the Robin Hood in the same neighbourhood, bethink themselves that three hundred years since the same riot and comparative luxury as are now indulged in at their nocturnal orgies, formed the recreation and enjoyment of their equally vicious predecessors in the Barbican, in Turnmill-street, in Houndsditch, and behind the Fleet, where not improbably "an alderman hung in chains"\* might have occasionally gratified their appetites.*

*The particular hospital alluded to by Copland appears to have been that of St. Bartholomew; as he speaks of St. Bartholomew's church and of the shepe cotes in its immediate neighbourhood.*

*This little poem, which was in Captain Cox's celebrated collection, was only printed once, viz. by R. Copland himself in 4to. without date. The wood cut vignette prefixed to this reprint is a reduced fac simile of that in the title to the original work.*

*\* A turkey, surrounded with sausages, is thus designated by these merry impostors.—See Minutes of the Evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons appointed to enquire into the state of Mendicity, &c.*



## ¶ PROLOGUE

OF

ROBERT COPLAND,

COPYLER AND PRYNTER OF THIS BOKE.

---

To dyspyse poore falke is not my appetite,  
Nor suche as lyue of veray almes dede,  
But myn intent is onely for to wryte  
The mysery of suche as lyue in nede,  
And all theyr lyfe in ydlenesse dooth lede,  
Wherby dooth sue suche incōuenyence,  
That they must ende in meschaunt indygence.

¶ Chryst in this worlde ryght pouerte dyd sue,  
Gyuyng vs example to folowe that degre,  
Saying; *beati pauperes spiritu,* 10  
*Beati mites, beati mundo corde:*  
Blyssed be they, that poore in spyryte be,  
And ben clene in herte, and meke therwith all,  
For they shall possede the realm celestyall.

PROLOGUE.

¶ They be not poore that haue necessyte,  
Except therwith they ben ryght well content ;  
Nor they be not ryche that haue grete plente,  
If that they thynke that they haue competent,  
And euer pleased with that God hath them sent,  
For surely it is our Lordes ordynaunce, 20  
That eche sholde be pleased with suffysaunce.

¶ That man, that hath more than sufficyent,  
With goodes at wyll, and dayly doth encrease,  
And euer is bare, hungry, and indygent,  
Scrapynge, and snudgyng, without any cease,  
Euer coueytyng, the mynde hath no pease  
But lyueth by rapyne, and usury,  
And careth not how he cometh therby.

¶ Eke in dystres doyng no benyfyte, 30  
Letyng the poore dye in great mysery,  
His neyghbour in pryson dooth not vysyte,  
Nor yet forgyue small parcel of duety,  
Wery traueylers in the stretes let ly,  
The deed bodyes without any buryall ;  
His goodes, his god, a man may full well call.

¶ Of suche ryche men recyteth the gospels,  
Makyng lykenes of impossybylyte ;  
Saying, that more easily a great camell

PROLOGUE.

May passe and go through a nedyl's eye,  
Than a ryche man in heuen for to be : 40  
For who so mys useth that God hath hym sent,  
With cursed Diues in hell shalbe brent.

¶ These trewāt beggers begging fro place to place,  
Nor yet these nedy of all maner facyon,  
These apprentyces that do rēne from all grace,  
These hyred seruaunts that kepe no condycion,  
Nor all that feyne parfyt deuocyon,  
Nor many other lyuyng in nede couert,  
Though they lacke good, be not poore of hert.

¶ Se ye not dayly of all maner estate, 50  
How in the lawe, they trauers, and coniect ;  
How neyghbours do fall at anger, and debate ;  
Twene man, wyfe eke the lyfe imperfect ;  
The father, and chyld, from quyetnes abiect ;  
And all for good they make eche other smart,  
Which is a sygne they be not poore of hart.

¶ If that our prynce do aske a subtedy  
From our ennemyes vs to defend,  
Or yf our credytours demaund theyr duety,  
To confesse pouerte than we do pretend ; 60  
But yf our neyghbour in ought vs offend,  
Than we fynd money to play ouerthwart,  
Which is a token we be not poore at hart.

V. 54. the word *and* omitted ?

## PROLOGUE.

¶ How many poore that haue lytell in store,  
Is content with his small substaunce !  
But euer they grudge, and wysh for more,  
To be promoted and haue furtheraunce :  
The very beggers for theyr pytaunce,  
From bag, and staffe, are lothe for to depart,  
Which is a token they be not poore at hart. 70

¶ Of these two estates there be four degrees :—  
A ryche ryche, a poore poore, a ryche poore also,  
A poore ryche in-all necessytees ;  
The two can agre, but the other no,  
A proud hert, a beggers purs therto,  
The ryche purs and the poore spyryt  
May well agre, and be in one parfyt.

---

## ¶ EXHORTACION OF THE COMPYLER.

¶ I pray all you, which haue ynough with grace,  
For the loue of God to do your charyte,  
And fro the poore neuer turne your face ; 80  
For Chryst sayth, what euer that he be  
That to the least of myne dooth in the name of me,  
Vnto myself I do accept the dede,  
And for rewarde my realme they shall possede.

FINIS.

**¶ Here begynneth the casualte  
Of the entraunce in to hospytalyte.**

---

**To wryte of Sol in his exaltacyon,  
Of his solstyce, or declynacyon,  
Or in what sygne, planet, or degre,  
As he in course is vsed for to be,  
Scorpio, pisces, or sagyttary,  
Or whan the moone her way dooth contrary,  
Or her eclypse, her wayne, or yet her full,  
It were but lost for blockysh braynes dull;  
But playnly to say, even as the tyme was,  
About a fourtenyght after Halowmas, 10  
I chaunced to come by a certayn spyttell,  
Where I thought best to tary a lyttell,  
And vnder the porche for to take socour,  
To abyde the passyng of a stormy shour;  
For it had snowen, and frosen very strong,  
With great ysesycles on the eves long,  
The sharp north wynd hurled bytterly,  
And with blacke cloudes darked was the sky;**

Lyke as in wenter some days be naturall  
 With frost, and rayne, and stormes ouer all. 20  
 So styll I stode as chaunced to be,  
 The porter of the hous stode also by me,  
 With whome I reasoned of many dyuers thynges  
 Touchyng the cours of all suche wetherynges :  
 And as we talked ther gathered at the gate  
 People as me thought of every poore estate,  
 With bag and staf, both croked, lame, and blynde,  
 Scabby and scuruy, pocke eaten flesh and rynde,  
 Lowsy and scalde, and pyllled lyke as apes,  
 With scantly a rag for to couer theyr shapes, 30  
 Brecheles, bare foted, all stynkyng with dyrt,  
 With M. of tatters, drabblyng to the skyrt,  
 Boyes, gyrles, and luskysh strong knaues,  
 Dydderyng and dadderyng, leaning on their staues,  
 Saying : good mayster, for your moders blessing,  
 Gyue vs a halfpeny toward our lodgyng !  
 The porter sayd, what nede you to craue  
 That in the spyttell shall your lodgyng haue ;  
 Ye shall be entreated as ye ought to be,  
 For I am charged that dayly to se, 40  
 The systers shall do theyr obseruaunce,  
 As of the hous is the due ordynaunce.

¶ *Copland.*

Porter, sayd I, Gods blyssyng and our lady  
 Haue ye for spekyng so curteysly



To these poore falke, and God his soule pardon  
That for theyr sake made this foundacyon :  
But syr, I pray you, do ye lodge them all  
That do aske lodgyng in this hospytall ?

¶ *Porter.*

Forsoth yea, we do all suche folke in take  
That do aske lodgyng for our lordes sake; 50  
And in dede it is our custome and vse  
Somtyme to take in, and some to refuse.

¶ *Copland.*

Than, is it comyn to euery wyght  
How they lyue all day, to lye here at nyght ?  
As losels, myghty beggers, and vacabonds,  
And trewands that walke ouer the londs,  
Mychers, hedge creepers, fylloks, and luskes,  
That all the somer kepe dyches and buskes,  
Lowtryng, and wandryng, fro place to place,  
And wyll not worke but the bypaths trace, 60  
And lyue with haws, and hunt the blakbery,  
And with hedge brekyng make themself mery;  
But in wenter they draw to the towne,  
And wyll do nothyng but go vp and down,  
And all for lodgyng that they haue here by nyght ?  
Me thyнк that therin ye do no ryght,  
Nor all suche places of hospytalyte  
To comfort people of suche iniquyte.

But, syr, I praye you of your goodnes and fauour,  
 Tell me which ye leaue, and which ye do socour?  
 For I haue sene at sondry hospytalles 71  
 That many haue lyne dead without the walles,  
 And for lacke of socour haue dyed wretchedly;  
 Unto your foundacyon I thynke contrary,  
 Moche people resort here, and haue lodgyng;  
 But yet I maruell greatly of one thyng,  
 That in the nyght so many lodge without :  
 For in the whatche whan that we go about,  
 Under the stalles, in porches, and in doores,  
 I wote not whither they be theues or hoores. 80  
 But surely, euery nyght ther is found  
 One or other lyeng by the pound,  
 In the shepe cootes, or in the hey loft,  
 And at Saynt Barthylmews chyrch doore full ofte,  
 And euen here alway by this brycke wall  
 We do them fynd that do bothe chyde and brall,  
 And lyke as bestes togyder they be throng,  
 Bothe lame, and seke, and hole them among,  
 And in many corners wher that we go,  
 Wherof I wondre greatly why they do so ; 90  
 But oftymes whan that they vs se,  
 They do rēne a great deale faster than we.

¶ *Porter.*

Suche folkes be they that we do abiect,  
 We are not bound to haue to them aspect ;

Those be mychers that lyue in trewandyse,  
 Hospytalyte dooth them alway despyse.

¶ *Copland.*

Syr, I pray you, who hath of you relefe ?

¶ *Porter.*

Forsoth they that be at suche myschefe  
 That for theyr lyuyng can do no labour,  
 And haue no frendes to do them socour;      100  
 As old people, seke, and impotent,  
 Poore women in chyldbred haue here easement ;  
 Weyke men sore wounded by great vyolence,  
 And sore men eaten with pockes, and pestylence,  
 And honest folke fallen in great pouerte,  
 By myschaunce, or other infyrmyte ;  
 Wayfaryng men, and maymed souldyours,  
 Haue theyr relyef in this poore hous of ours ;  
 And all other which we seme good, and playne,  
 Haue here lodgyng for a nyght or twayne;      110  
 Bedred folke, and suche as can not craue,  
 In these places moost relyef they haue ;  
 And yf they hap within our place to dye,  
 Than are they buried well, and honestly ;  
 But not euery vnseke stoborne knaue,  
 For than we shold ouer many haue.

¶ *Copland.*

How say you by these comyn beggers that crye  
 Dayly on the worlde, and in the hye wayes lye  
 At Westmynster and at Saynt Poules,  
 And in all stretes they syt as desolate soules? 120  
 Methynke it, it a very well done dede  
 With deuocyon suche people to fede.

¶ *Porter.*

Where ony gyueth almesse with good entent,  
 The rewarde can not be nowyse mysspent.

¶ *Copland.*

Ye, but syr, I wyll not lye, by my soule,  
 As I walked to the chyrche of Saynt Poule,  
 There sate beggers, on eche syde the way two,  
 As is seen dayly they be wont to do:  
 Syr, one there was, a myghty stoburne slaue,  
 That for the other began to beg and craue. 130  
 “ Now, mayster, in the way of your good spede,  
 “ ‘To vs. all four behold where it is nede;  
 “ And make this farthyng worth a halfpeny,  
 “ For the fyue ioyes of our blyssed lady!  
 “ Now turne agayn for Saynt Erasmus sake!  
 “ And on my bare knees here a vowe I make,  
 “ Our ladies psalter thre tymes euen now,  
 “ Now turne agayn, as God shall turne to you!

" Now, mayster, do that no man dyd this day,

" On yone poore wretch, that rotteth in the way,

" Now, mayster, for hym that dyed on tre, 141

" Lete vs not dye for lacke of charyte !"

Thus he prated, as he full well can,

" Tyll at last an honest seruyng man

Came by the way, and by compassyon

Of his wordes dyd his deuocyon.

Whan he was gone a lytell fro thens,

I sawe the begger pull out xi. pens,

Sayeng to his felawes, " Se, what here is ;

" Many a knaue haue I called mayster for this :

" Lete vs go dyne, this is a symple day, 151

" My mayster therwith shall I scantly pay."—

Come these folkes hyther, good mayster porter ?

¶ *Porter.*

No, in sothe ; this hous is of no such supporter ;  
They haue houses, and kepe full yll gestyng,

And to thē resorte all the hole offspryg,  
In the Berbycan, and in Turnmyll strete,

In Houndesdyche, and behynd the Flete ;  
And in twenty places mo than there,

Where they make reuell and gaudy chere, 160  
With fyll the pot fyll, and go fyll me the can,

Here is my peny, and I am a gentylman.

And there they byd, and fyll as dooth a gull,

And whan that they haue theyr heades full,

Than they fall out, and make reuylyng,  
And in this wyse make the dronken rekenyng :  
“ Thou beggerly knaue, bag nor staf hast thou none,  
“ But as I am fayne dayly to lend the one;  
“ Thou getest it no more, though it lye and rote,  
“ Nor my long cloke, nor my new patched cote.”  
This rule make they euery day and nyght,  
Tyll lyke as swyne they lye slepyng vpryght ;  
Some beggerly churles to whom they resorte,  
Be the maynteners of a great sorte  
Of myghty lubbers, and haue them in seruyce,  
Some iourney men, and some to theyr prentyce,  
And they walke to eche market, and fayre,  
And to all places where folke do repayre,  
By day on styltes, or stoupyng on crowches,  
And so dyssymule as fals lewtryng flowches, 180  
With bloody clowtes all about theyr legge,  
And playsters on theyr skyn, whan they go beg ;  
Some countrefayt lepry, and other some  
Put sope in theyr mouth to make it scome,  
And fall downe as Saynt Cornelys euyll,  
These dysceyts they use worse than ony deuyll ;  
And whan they be in theyr owne company,  
They be as hole as eyther you or I :  
But at the last, whan sekenes cometh in dede, 189  
Than to the spyttell hous must they come nede.

¶ *Copland.*

Ah, Jesu mercy ! what man coud coniect  
 The mysery of suche a wretched sect !  
 None honest man ;—but yet I you hertyly pray,  
 Tell me of other that come these way.  
 Come here ony of these maysterles men,  
 That euery where do go and ren,  
 That haue serued the kyng beyond the se,  
 And now that they out of wages be,  
 They must beg, or els go brybe, and steale ?  
 Methynk it is a great soule heale 200  
 To help them, tyll they were pouruayd  
 Into some seruyce ; for yf they were arayd  
 Some of them were propre men, and tall,  
 And able to go whyther they shall.

¶ *Porter.*

That is trouth ; but they vse one yll thyng,  
 For they do were souldyers clothynge,  
 And so beggyng deceyue folke ouer all,  
 For they be vacabondes moost in generall,  
 And wyll abyde no laborous subiECTION  
 With honest persones, vnder correction ; 210  
 For whan they be wery, they wyll reste away,  
 And perchaunce cary with them what they may ;  
 And so whan a man wold bryng them to thryft,  
 They wyll hym rob, and fro his good hym lyft.

¶ *Copland.*

Though some so do, they do not all so,  
For some myght chaunce well as many one do.

¶ *Porter.*

That is true; but it hath ben seen long agoe,  
That many haue fared the wors for one;  
And of these be two sortes moost comynly,  
The one of them lyueth by open beggery, 220  
Ragged, and lowsy, with bag, dysh, and staf,  
And euer haunteth among such ryf raf;  
One tyme to this spyttell, another to that,  
Prolyng, and pochyng to get somewhat,  
At euery doore lumpes of bread, or meat;  
For yf the staf in his hand ones catche heat  
Than farwell labour, and hath suche delyte  
That thryft and honesty fro hym is quyte:  
And in suche mysery they lyue day by day,  
That of very nede they must come this way. 230

¶ *Copland.*     °

Of the other now what is theyr estate?

¶ *Porter.*

By my fayth nyghtyngales of Newgate:  
These be they that dayly walkes, and jettes,  
In theyr hose trussed rounde to theyr dowblettes,



And say, good maysters, of your charyte,  
 Helpé vs poore men that come from the se,  
 From the Bonauenture we were caste to lande,  
 God it knowes as poorly as we stande !  
 And sōtyme they say that they were take in Fraunce,  
 And had ben there vii. yeres in duraunce ;      240  
 In Muttrell, in Brest, in Tournay, or Tyrwyn,  
 In Morlays, in Cleremount, or in Hedyn ;  
 And to theyr countrees they haue ferre to gone,  
 And amonge them all peny haue they none.  
 Now good mennes bōdyes, wyll they say then,  
 For Goddes sake helpe to kepe vs true men !  
 Or elles they say, they haue in pryson be,  
 In Newgat, the Kynges Benche, or Marchalse,  
 As many true men take by suspencion,  
 And were quitte by proclamacyon.      250  
 And yf ony axe what countrey men they be ?  
 And lyke your maystershype of the north, all thre ;  
 Or of Chesshyre, or elles nygh Cornewall,  
 Or where they lyst, for to gabbe and rayle ;  
 And may perchaunce the one is of London,  
 The other of Yorke, and the thyrd of Hampton.  
 And thus they lewter in euery way, and strete,  
 In townes, and chyrches, whiere as people mete,  
 In lanes, and pathes, and at eche crosse way,  
 There do they prate, bable, lye and praye.      260

V. 241. *Muttrell—Montreuil. Tyrwyn—Terouenne.*

But yf ye be clenly, and haply come alone,  
Your purce and clothynge may fortune to be gone :  
But at no dore for brede, drynke, nor potage,  
Nor scoules of meate, nor no suche bagage,  
They none desyre to put in bagge nor male;  
But uery whyte threde to sewe good ale.  
And whan they haue gotten what they may,  
Than to theyr lodgyng they do take theyr way,  
Into some aley, lane, or blynde hostry,  
And to some corner, or hous of bawdry, 270  
Where as ben folke of theyr affynyte,  
Brothelles, and other suche as they be;  
And there they mete, and make theyr gaudy chere,  
And put on theyr clothynge, and other gere,  
Theyr swerdes, and boclers, and theyr short daggers,  
And there they reuell as vnthryfty braggers,  
With horyble othes swerynge as they were wood,  
Armes, nayles, woundes, herte, soule and blood,  
Deth, fote, masse, flesshe, bones, lyfe, and body,  
With all other wordes of blasphemy, 280  
Bostynge them all in dedes of theyr myscheffe;  
And thus passe the tyme w<sup>th</sup> daunce, hore, pipe,  
theffe,  
The hang man shall lede the daunce at the ende,  
For none other ways they do not pretende.  
And whan that they can gete nothyng by beggyng,  
To maynteyne suche lyfe they fall to stelyng :

And so this way the come at the last,  
Or on the galowes make a tomlyng cast.

¶ *Copland.*

More pyte to se our owne nacyon  
For to behaue them on suche facyon. 290  
Surely there is an act of parlyament,  
That yf any strong vacabond be hent,  
To be set in a payre of stockes openly,  
Certayn days, with bread and water onely,  
And than to be banyshyt from town to town,  
I thinke that act is not yet put down.  
If it were execute as to my reason,  
Men shold not se within a lytell season,  
So many of them, nor ydle slouches,  
And myghty beggars w<sup>th</sup> theyr pokes and crouches;  
But they be mayntened by this noughty sect, 301  
That all this land is with them infect;  
I meane these bawdy brybrous knaues,  
That lodgeth them, that so powles and shaues.  
It were almes that they were loked on,  
For they be wors than any thefe or felon.  
But to our purpose; cometh not this way  
Of these rogers, that dayly syng, and pray,  
With *Ave regina*, or *de profundis*,  
*Quem terra Ponthus* and *Stella maris*? 310

V. 288. *tomlyng*—*tumbling*.

At euery doore there they foot, and frydge,  
 And say they come fro Oxford, or Cambrydge,  
 And be poore scolers, and haue no maner thyng,  
 Nor also frendes to kepe them at lernyng;  
 And so do lewtre for crust and crum  
 With staffe in hand, and fyst in bosum;  
 Passyng tyme so, bothe day, and yere,  
 As in theyr legend I purpose shall appere  
 An other tyme, after my fantasy.

¶ *Porter.*

Suche folkes of trouth cometh here dayly,      320  
 And ought of ryght this hous for to vse  
 In theyr aege, for they fully do refuse  
 The tyme of vertuous excercyse,  
 Wherby they shold vnto honour aryse.

¶ *Copland.*

Syr, yet there is another company  
 Of the same sect, that lyue more subtylly,  
 And be in maner as mayster wardayns  
 To whom these rogers obey as capytayns,  
 And be named elewners, as I here say.

¶ *Porter.*

By my sothe, all fals harlots be they,      330  
 And deceyuers of people ouerall,  
 In the countree moost of them fynd ye shall;

They say, that they come fro the vnyuersyte,  
And in the scoles have taken degree  
Of preesthod, but frendes haue they none,  
To giue them ony exhybycion ;  
And how that they forth wold passe  
To theyr countree, and syng theyr fyrst masse,  
And there pray for theyr benefactours,  
And serue God all tymes, and houres. 340  
And so they lewtre in suche rogacyons  
Seuen or eyght yeres, walkyng theyr stacyons,  
And do but gull, and folow beggery,  
Feynyng true doying by ypocrysy,  
As another tyme shalbe shewed playne.  
But yet there is of a lyke maner trayne  
Of fals brybours, deceytfull and fraudulent,  
That among people call themselves sapyent :  
These ryde about in many sondry wyse,  
And in straunge aray do themself dysguyse; 350  
Somtyme in maner of a physycyan,  
And another tyme as a hethen man,  
Countrefaytyng theyr owne tongue, and speche,  
And hath a knaue that doth hym Englysh teche,  
With, “ me non spek Englys by my fayt ;  
My seruauant spek you what me sayt ” —  
And maketh a maner of straunge countenaunce,  
With admyracyons his falsnes to auance ;  
And whan he cometh there as he wold be,  
Than wyll he feyne merueylous grauyte ; 360

And so chaunceth his hostes or his hoost,  
 To demaund out of what straunge land, or coost,  
 Cometh this gentylman? "forsothe, hostesse,  
 This man was borne in hethennesse,"  
 Sayth his seruaunt, and is a connyng man,  
 For all the seuen scyences surely he can;  
 And is sure in physyk, and palmestry,  
 In augury, sothsayeng, and vysenamy;  
 So that he can ryght soone espy  
 If ony be dysposed to malady, 370  
 And therfore, can gyue suche a medycyne,  
 That maketh all accesses to declyne:  
 But surely yf it were knowen that he  
 Shold medle with ony infyrmyte  
 Of comyn people, he myght gete hym hate,  
 And lose the fauour of euery great estate;  
 Howbeit of charyte, yet now and then,  
 He wyll mynyster his cure on pore men.  
 No money he taketh, but all for Gods loue,  
 Which by chaunce ye shall se hym proue. 380  
 Than sayth he, "qui speke my hostesse,  
 Graund malady make a gret excesse;  
 Dys infant rumpre vng grand postum,  
 By got he ala mort tuk vnder thum."—  
 "What sayth he?" sayth the good wyfe:—  
 "Hostesse, he swereth by his soule and lyfe,  
 That this chyld is vexed with a bag  
 In his stomacke, as great as he may wag,

So that or two or thre days come about

It wyll choke hym withouten dout ; 390

But than he sayth, except ye haue his read,

This chyld therwith wyll sodeynly be dead."

" Alas !" sayth she, yf she loue it well,

" Now, swete mayster, gyue me your counsell,

For Gods sake I aske it, and our lady,

And here is twenty shylyngs by and by."

" Quid est ?" sayth he,— " Forsoth she dooth offre

Viginti solidi, pour fournir vostre coffre :

To do your help," sayth this fals seruyture—

" Non, poynt dargent," sayth he, " pardeu ie non  
cure." 400

" He wyll no money, hostesse, I you promyt,

For Gods sake he dooth it eche whyt."

Than calleth he anone for his casket,

That scantly is worth a rotten basket,

And taketh out a powdre of experyence,

That a carte lode is not worth two pence,

And in a paper he dooth fayre fold it vp,

Fastyng thre days, he byddeth that to sup.

Than for a space he taketh lycence,

God wot as yet he payd for none exspence; 410

And so departeth, and on the next day

One of his felawes wyll go the same way,

To bolster the matter of his fals bewpere :

He sytteth down, and maketh good chere,

Which in lykewyse loketh on the chylde,  
 Sayeng "that heuenly vyrgyn vndefylde,  
 Our lady Mary! preserue this chyld now,  
 For it is seke, hostesse, I tell it you;  
 For or thre days but our Lorde hym saue,  
 I ensure you it wylbe in a graue."— 420

"Good syr," sayth she, "alas, and well away!  
 Here was a gentylman euen yesterday  
 That tolde the same accesse, and dysease."  
 "Hostesse," sayth he, "yf that it wold you please,  
 What maner man was it? I pray you tell."—  
 "Good syr," she sayth, "in sothe I know not  
 well;  
 But Englysh speche in dede he can none,  
 And is a Jewe his man told vs echone."  
 "Yea was," sayth he, "I know hym well in dede:  
 I wolde I had spoke with hym, or he yede. 430  
 But hostesse, in faythe, toke he ony thyng?"  
 "By my trouthe," sayth she, "not one farthyng."  
 "I wote," sayth he, "but I maruell that he wold,  
 But out of charyte in suche a meane houshold  
 Do say so moche, for yf great estates it knewe,  
 His company than wold they all eschewe."  
 "Good syr," sayth she, "yet of your gentylnes  
 Help this poore chylde of this sayd sekeneis:  
 And here is xx. shyllyns for your payne,  
 And your exspence for a weke or twayne." 440



"Well, hostesse," sayth he, "I wyll do more than that  
 For you, but I shall tell you what ;  
 For my labour I aske nothyng at all,  
 But for the drogges that occupy he shall,  
 The which be dere, and very precyous :  
 And surely, I wyll neuer out of your hous  
 Tyll he be hole as eyther you or I."—  
 Than gooth his knaue to a town to bye  
 These dragges that be not worth a t—de ;  
 And there they lye at fourtenyght at borde 450  
 With these good folkes, and put them to cost ;  
 Bothe meat, and money, clerely haue they lost.  
 Yet God wote, what waste they made and reuell :  
 So at the last departeth this Jauell  
 With the money, and streyght rydeth he,  
 Where the thefe his felaw and dyuers others be ;  
 And there they prate, and make theyr auaunt  
 Of theyr deceytes, and drynk adew taunt.  
 As they lyue, I pray God them amend,  
 Or as they be to bryng them to an end : 460  
 For the spyttell is not for theyr estate,  
 Howbeit they come dayly by the gate.

¶ *Copland.*

A shrewde sorte by our lady, and a comberous,  
 Jesus kepe them out of euery good man's hous !  
 But cometh ony pardoners this way ?

¶ *Porter.*

Yea, syr, they be our p̃ctours ; and fayn they may :  
 Chyeffly syth theyr fals popery was knowen,  
 And theyr bullysh indulgence ouerthrowen,  
 They be all nought, reken eche with other  
 Subtilte is theyr father, and falshod theyr mother :  
 For by letters they name them as they be ;      471  
 P. a Pardoner : Clewner a C :  
 R. a Roger, A. an Aurium, and a Sapyent, S :—  
 Thus they know eche other doubtiles.  
 But whan theyr iuggelyng oores do fayle,  
 They rēne ashore and here stryke sayle.

¶ *Copland.*

By my sothe I am wery to here of theyr lyuyng,  
 Wherefore I pray you, yf ye be pleasyng,  
 Tell me shortly of all folke in generall,  
 That come the hye way to the hospytall.      480

¶ *Porter.*

It is tedyous, but for your mynde,  
 As nye as I can, I wyl shew the kynde  
 Of euery sorte, and which by lykelynes  
 To the spyttell his way dooth adres.

V. 466. On the correct meaning of the word '*proctor*,' as used in this place, a short, but curious dissertation is to be found in the *Archæologia*, vol. xviii. p. 9. written by my friend Mr. Cohen.

But as for ordre, I promyse none to kepe,  
 For they do come as they were scattered shepe,  
 Wandryng without reason, rule, or guyde,  
 And for other lodgyng do not prouyde.  
 But to our purpose ; there cometh in this vyage  
 They that toward God haue no courage,      490  
 And to his worde gyue none aduertence ;  
 Eke to father and mother do not reuerence ;  
 They that despyse folke in aduersyte,  
 They that seke stryfe, and iniquyte,  
 They that for themself do kepe nothyng,  
 And suche as hate other in theyr well doyng,  
 They may be sure, or euer they dye,  
 Lest they lacke lodgyng, here for to lye.

Preestes and clerkes, that lyue vycyously,  
 Not caryng how they shold do theyr duty,      500  
 Vnruly of maners, and slacke in lernyng,  
 Euer at the alehous for to syt bybyng,  
 Neglectyng the obedyence to them dew,  
 And vnto Chrystes flocke take none auew,  
 But lyke as wolues, that rauysh the folde,  
 These people do this ryght way holde.  
 Yong heyres that enioy theyr herytage,  
 Rulyng themself or they come to aege ;  
 Occupyng vnthryfte company,  
 Spendyng vp theyr patrymony      510

Whyles they be yong, and use dyssolute playes ;  
 Of very nede they must come these wayes.  
 All such people as have lytell to spend,  
 Wastyng it, tyll it be at an end ;  
 And whan they be seke, and haue nothyng,  
 Toward the spyttell than they be comyng.  
 They that haue small londes, and tenements,  
 Wearyng dayly costly garments,  
 That at the last they must be fayne  
 To sell theyr rentes, themself to sustayne,      520  
 Whiche is a token of veray experyence  
 This way for to come by consequence.  
 Bayllyfs, stuardes, caters and renters,  
 Paymaysters, credytours and receyuers,  
 That be neclygent to make rekenyngs,  
 Delyueryng and trustyng without wrytyngs,  
 Uncaryng for to rēne in arerage ;  
 By this way they must nede make passage.  
 Landlordes that do no reparacyons,  
 But leue theyr landes in desolacyons,      530  
 Theyr housyng vnkept wynd and water tyght,  
 Letyng the pryncypals rot down ryght,  
 And suffreth theyr tenauntes to renne away ;  
 The way to our hous we can them not denay.  
 They that sew in the court dayly  
 For lyttell besynesse, and spendeth largely,  
 With grete gyftes, and yet theyr labour lost ;  
 This way they come to seke for theyr cost.

Fermours, and other husband men, that be  
In grete fermes, and dooth not ouer se 540  
Theyr housbondry, but leteth theyr corne rote,  
Theyr hey to must, theyr shepe dye in the cote,  
Theyr land vntyld, vndunged, and vnsowen,  
Theyr medowes not defenced, and unmowen,  
Theyr fruyt to perysh, hangyng on the trees,  
Theyr catell scater, and lose theyr hony bees.  
All yong heyres, borne in a ryche estate,  
And wold lyue styll after the same rate,  
Beyng yong brethren of small possybylyte,  
Not hauyng wherwith to mayntene such degre,  
But make shyftes, and borow ouerall; 551  
Suche trace pryson to be theyr hospytall.  
Self wyllid people that can not be in rest,  
But in the lawe do euer wrythe and wrest,  
And wyll not fall to ony agrement,  
Tyll in theyr neckes is layd by jugement  
The costes and charges, and so are made full bare;  
Lodgyng for suche folke we do euer spare.  
People that alway wyll be at dystaunce,  
And on theyr neyghbours euer take vengeaunce,  
Beyng auengyng on euery small wrong;— 561  
From this way they cannot be long.  
They that wyl medle in euery man's mater,  
And of other folkes dedes dooth alway clatter,  
Mayntenynge theyr own sayeng to be true,  
And is not beleued; they can not eschue

But they must nedes come hytherward,  
For by moche medlyng theyr credence is mard.  
Marchaunts that beyond the see bye dere,  
And lend it good chepe whan they be here, 570  
And be neuer payed but by the lawe ;—  
Here haue no beddyng, but lye on the strawe.  
They that sell good cheap in despyte,  
Lettyng all theyr gaynes for to go quyte,  
Byeng ware deare, and sell for a lytell ;—  
They be uery gestes to lye in our spyttell.  
Craftes men that do worke day and nyght,  
Havyng great charge, and theyr gaynes lyght,  
Wastyng theyr tooles, and can them not renew,  
Full well may saye, farwell, good thryft adew ! 580  
He that wynneth moche, and whan he hath doone,  
With waste, and games, spendeth it soone,  
Leavyng not wherwyth agayn to begyn ;—  
In this hye way he hasteth to ryn.  
He that hath a good occupacyon,  
And wyll lyue on the courtly facyon,  
And to worke, or labour, is wery,  
Wenyng for to lyue more easily ;—  
Somtyme dooth make an vnthryfty chaunge,  
With bag and staf in our parke to raunge. 590  
Rufflers, and masterles men, that cannot werke,  
And slepeth by day, and walketh in the derke,  
And with delycates gladly doth fede,  
Swerynge, and crakyng, an easy lyfe to lede,

With comyn women dayly for to haunt,  
 Makynge reuell, and drynke a dieu taunt ;  
 Saynge, make we mery as longe as we can,  
 And drynke a pace, the deuyll pay the malt man,  
 Wyne was not made for euery haskerde,  
 But bere and ale for euery dasterde ;— 600  
 And whan theyr money is gone and spent,  
 Than this way is moost conuenient.  
 Taverners that kepe bawdry, and pollyng,  
 Marryng wyne with brewyng, and rolyng ;  
 Inholders that lodge hoores and theves,  
 Seldon theyr getyng ony way preues,  
 So by reason theyr gaynes be geason,  
 This way they rēne many a season.  
 Bakers and brewers, that with musty grayne  
 Serue theyr customers, must take it agayne, 610  
 And many tymes haue they no vtterance,  
 For theyr weyghts and measure is of no substaunce,  
 And lose bothe theyr credence and good,—  
 Come this way by all lykelyhood,  
 For they do infect that shold be man's food.  
 They that wyll be surety for euery det,  
 And wyll pay more than they of ryght be set,  
 For to be named a man lyberall,  
 And in maner he hath nothyng at all ;  
 Suche folysse facers whan theyr good is spent, 620  
 To the spyttell warde they renne incontynent.

Yonge folke that wedde or they be wyse,  
And alway charges on theyr hand dooth ryse,  
Hous rent, and chyltren, and euery other thyng,  
And can do nothyng for to gete theyr lyuyng,  
And haue no frendes them for to sustayne ;—  
To com this way at last they must be fayne.  
They, that sell away theyr rentes, and landes,  
And bestoweth it for to be merchandes,  
And auentreth tyll them haue all lost, 630  
And turmoyleth alway fro pyler to post,  
And euer leseth all that they go about ;—  
Cometh this way amonge the other rout.  
They, that in hope to haue theyr frendes dye,  
Wyll do nothyng but lyue wantonly,  
Trustyng to haue the treasowr that is left,  
But many tymes it is them bereft,  
And haue nothyng, and nothyng can do,  
Suche come this way with other to.  
They, that dooth to other folkes good dede, 640  
And hath themselfe of other folke more nede,  
And quencheth the fyre of another place,  
And leueth his owne, that is in wors cace ;  
Whan it is brent, and woteth not where to lye,  
To the spyttell than must he nedes hye.  
They, that wyll not suffre theyr clothe hole,  
But iag-, and cut them with many a hole,  
And payeth more for makyng than it cost,  
Whan it is made the garment is but lost,



Patchyng them with colours lyke a fole, 650

At last they be ruled after our scole.

They, that do make to moche of theyr wyues,

Suffryng them to be nought of theyr lyues,

Letyng them haue ouermoeche of theyr wyll,

Clothyng them better than they can fulfyll,

Letyng them go to feestes, daunces, and plays,

To euery brydale, and do nothyng on days,

And gyueth them all the soueraynte ;—

Must needes come this way for they cannot pthe.

¶ *Copland.*

Come hyther ony of these wofull creatures 660

That be sore wounded, and moche wo endures

With a shrewd wyfe, and is neuer quyet,

Bycause that she wold haue all her dyet,

But bralle and chyde, babble, crye, and fyght,

Euer discontented bothe day and nyght ?

¶ *Porter.*

Come this way, quod a ?—Yes, I warraunt you,

Of them alway come this way ynow ;

We haue chambres purposely for them,

Or els they shold be lodged in Bedlem.

V. 650. *pthe ?*

D 2

¶ *Copland.*

Mary, God forbyd it shold be as ye tell !

670

¶ *Porter.*

By good fayth, the uery deuyl of hell  
 I trowe to my mynd hath not moche more payne ;  
 One were in a maner as good be slayne ;  
 Fer there is no joye but euer anguysh,  
 On bothe sydes, they do always languysh ;  
 For the one gooth hyther, and the other thyder,  
 Bothe they spend, and by nothyng togyder,  
 So at the last of very necessity,  
 Hyther they come to aske lodgyng of me.

¶ *Copland.*

I do knowe it is the ryght facyon,

680

A realme stryuyng in itself gooth to desolacyon.  
 God amend all, I haue herd what it is :  
 Tell of some other, I am wery of this.

¶ *Porter.*

All maysters that lete theyr seruauents play,  
 Fedyng them deyntyly euery day,  
 And dooth cloth and pay them as they shold be,  
 Beyng neclygent theyr worke to ouerse,  
 Suffryng them waste, and theyr good spyll,  
 In theyr presence to do theyr lewd wyll ;

And all those that pay not theyr hyre, 690  
Vengeaunce of God it dooth desyre,  
These on bothe partes do eche other wrong ;—  
This way they come with a great throng.  
All suche servaunts as be neclygent  
In theyr seruyce, and wyl not be content  
To do theyr werk, but slacke theyr besynes,  
Brybe, and conuey, fro mayster and maystres,  
Chaungyng maysters, and ren fro town to towne,  
And are late rysyng, and betyme lye downe,  
Playeng by nyght, and tryflyng by day ;— 700  
Of ryghtousnes they do here stay.  
Suche folke as take on them great rent,  
In soyles for them inconuenient  
Vnto theyr faculte, and often do remeue  
Entreprysyng that they cannot acheue ;  
Doyng curyous labours, and haue small wage ;—  
Vnto our hous they come for hostage.  
They that borow on theyr garments, and napry,  
And do not fetche them agayn shortly,  
But lete them be worn, and than pay the sōme, 710  
In to our hye way they be far cōme.  
They that borow, and purpose not to pay  
Tyll in pryson they spend all away,  
And do forswere that is theyr dew ;  
They that lawe for a debt vntrew,  
And receyueth money in another mans name,  
Not beyng content to restore the same ;

They that forget that to them is ought ;  
 They that stryue with all folke for nought ;  
 And they that lend, and set no tyme to pay ;      720  
 Reason wyll dryue them to come this way.  
 Old folkes that all theyr goodes do gyue,  
 Kepyng nothyng wheron to lyue,  
 And put fro theyr hous whan they haue nede ;—  
 Toward our hous fast do they spede.  
 They that gyue chyl dren money to spend,  
 And causeth them not at theyr byddyng attend,  
 But dooth mayntene them in theyr lewdnes,  
 And fro sýne wyll them not redres ;  
 In ydle wantonnes suffryng them to be,      730  
 Nor teache them vertuous faculte ;  
 Are the cause that whan they be olde  
 To take the way toward our houshold.  
 They that euermore haue a delyte  
 To fede, and make feastes at theyr appetyte  
 With costly dysshes, and deynty drynke,  
 Letyng theyr stocke euermore shrynke,  
 Makyng a great porte, and be lytell worth ;—  
 To come hyther they come streyght forth.  
 They that takes no hede to theyr houshold,      740  
 But lete theyr implements molde,  
 Theyr hangyngs rot, theyr napery vnclene,  
 Theyr furies and wollen not ouersene,  
 Theyr vessell mar, and theyr goodes decay ;—  
 Cannot chuse but nedes come this way.

Lechours, fornycatours, and advouterers,  
 Incestes, harlots, bawdes, and bolsterers,  
 Applesquyers, entycers, and rauysshers,  
 These to our place haue dayly herbegers.

¶ *Copland.*

No marvell of them, and happy they be 750  
 If they do and in so honest degre;  
 For surely theyr endyng is fayrest  
 If that with pouerte they be suppress:  
 For I do fynd wryten of aduoutry  
 That these fyue sorowes ensueth therby,  
*Ex istis penis patietur quisquis adulter;*  
*Aut erit hic pauper, hic aut subito morietur,*  
*Aut aliquid mēbrum casu vulnere perdet,*  
*Aut erit infamis per quod sit carcere vinctus.*  
 Eyther they shall be poore, or dye sodeynly, 760  
 Or lese by wound some membre of the body,  
 Or to be sclaudred to suffre sharpe pryson,  
 Therefore pouerte is fayrest by reason.  
 And yet besyde that they be so beaten  
 That with great pockes theyr lymmes be eaten.  
 How say ye by these horryble swerers,  
 These blasphemers, and these God terers,  
 Come there ony this way to haue socour?

¶ *Porter.*

Do they? yea, I warraunt euery hour,

All rotten and torne, armes, heades, and legges, 770

They are the moost sorte that ony where begges,  
And be the people that moost anoy us.

¶ *Copland.*

I beleue well, for I fynd wryten thus,  
*Vir multū iurans replebitur iniquitate, et a*  
*domo eius non recedet plaga. Eccles. xxii.*

A great swerer is full of iniquyte,

And fro his hous the plague shall neuer be.

In the commaundements is wryten playn,

Thou shalt not take the name of God in vayn ;

For who sow dooth vse it customably,

The stroke of God can not eschew truly.

But come none of these slouthfull folkes hyther 780

That be so vnlusty, so sluggysh and lyther ?

That care not how the world dooth go,

Neyther halydays, nor workyng days also,

But lye in bed tyll all masses be doone,

Lewtryng theyr worke tyll it pas noone ;

And so enioye to lynger and to slepe,

And to theyr lyuyng they take no maner kepe.

¶ *Porter.*

These folkes come in so great nombre,

That all the ways they do encombre ; 789

And with them dothe come all these folke that spare

To assay theyr frendes, for theyr owne welfare.

But folow theyr owne myndes alway,  
 Nor to theyr frendes in no wyse wyll obay,  
 And of theyr promesses they be no more set by ;—  
 But to this way they must them nedes apply.

¶ *Copland.*

And how by these people so full of coueityse  
 That all the worldes good can them not suffyse,  
 But by vsury, rapyne, and extorcyon,  
 Do poulle the pore folke of theyr porcyon?  
 And they that invent newes by tyranny 800  
 Vpon poore mens landes fraudelently,  
 And lyke as wolues, the shepe dooth take and tease,  
 For theyr owne lucre and to lyue in ease,  
 And day by day in euery maner degre,  
 They do prolonge theyr iniquite?

¶ *Porter.*

As for with them we haue to do nothyng ;  
 Vnto the lawe it is all belongyng.  
 How be it yf they chaunce to be poore,  
 Then often indede they do come by our doore.

¶ *Copland.*

But then I pray you how say ye by these 810  
 That breke this precept *non furtum facies*,  
 Theves, and murtherers, and these watchers of wayes,  
 That robbe and steale, bothe by nightes and dayes,

And that delyte in murder, and in theft,

Whose condycyons in no wyse can be left ;—  
Do not they oft tymes come hyther by you ?

¶ *Porter.*

Of them there cometh dayly ynow :  
But they be led, and comenly fast bounde,  
Bycause theyr lodgyng may soner be founde.  
And ben conueyed by men of charyte 820  
Where that they haue hospytalyte,  
And ben well kept, and wrapped surely,  
And whan tyme cometh that they must dye,  
They be buried aloft in the ayre,  
Bycause dogs shall not on theyr graues repayre.

¶ *Copland.*

Almyghty Jesu of his mercy defende  
Euery good mānes chylde from such an ende !  
And how say ye by all these grete dronkardes  
That suppe all of by pottes and tankardes,  
Tyll they be so dronke that they cannot stande, 830  
That is but lytell used in this lande,  
Except it be among Duche folke, or Flemynges ;  
For Englysshe men knowe not of suche rekēinges.

¶ *Porter.*

No do ? yes, yes ! I ensure you hardely  
They can do it as well as ony body ;



With dowble beare, be it wyne or ale,  
They ceas not tyll they can tell no ryght tale,  
With quyxte quaxte ie brynhte lief brore  
An ortkyn, or an half beres by gots more.  
Yea, rather than fayle drynke it clene out, 840  
With fyll the pot ones agayn round about ;  
Gyue us more drynke, for sparyng of bread ;  
Tyll theyr cuppes be wyser than theyr head :  
And so syt they, and spend vp all theyr thryft,  
And after come here, they haue no other shyft.

¶ *Copland.*

How say ye by these folkes full of yre  
That brēne in wrath hoter than fyre,  
And neuer be quyet, but chyde and brall  
With wrath, and anger, fretyng hert, and gall ;  
Wayward, wode, furyous and fell, 850  
For where they be quyetnes cannot dwell ;  
But alway stryfe, mystrust, and great dysease,  
And in no wyse none man can them please ?

¶ *Porter.*

Hyther they come, and I wyll tell you why ;  
None can lyue by thē well, nor quyetly ;  
But with eche one they fall out, and make bate,  
Causyng people them for to hate,  
And wyll suffre them to dwell no where,  
But are fayne for to remayne here.

¶ *Copland.*

It may well be so, for where is none agre 860  
 Neyther thryft, nor welfare cannot be :  
 But I trust it be not betwene man and wyfe,  
 Than it were pyte and eke a sory lyfe.  
 For where is no peas at bed, not at borde,  
 I reken theyr thryft is not worth a t—de.  
 But of these people that ben so stout  
 That in welth and wo bere it so out,  
 That pryde wyll not suffre them for to fall ;—  
 Methynke this way they come not all ?

¶ *Porter.*

O yes, yes ! God wote of them be not fewe, 870  
 For here all day they assemble in a rewe,  
 And here they crake, bable, and make grete boste,  
 And amonge all other wolde rule the roste :  
 With stande backe, you lewd vylayne, beggerly knaue,  
 I wyll that thou knowe my wyfe, and I haue  
 Spent more in a daye with good honeste  
 Than thou in thy lyfe euer was lyke to be ;  
 For I tell the I haue kept or now suche reporte  
 That all my neyghtbours dyd to me resorte ;  
 And haue or now kept a grete housholde, 880  
 And had ynough of syluer, and of golde.  
 In all our parysshe was none better decked,  
 And I thynke scorene for to be thus checked

Of suche lewde persons, that neuer had good ;  
 And eke I am borne of as good a blood  
 As ony in this towne, and a gentylman ;  
 But yf I had as moche as I wyst whan,  
 I shold make a meyny of these poore carles to know,  
 What maner thyng a gentylman is I trowe.

¶ *Copland.*

Lo, here one may se that there is none wors 890  
 Than is a proude herte, and a beggers purs,  
 Grete boost, and small roost ; this is euydent,  
 For a proude hert well never be shent.—  
 But good porter, I pray you, be so kynde  
 To tell me of them out of mynde,  
 As for the enuyous I lete them dwell,  
 For theyr hòspytall is the depe pyt of hell.

¶ *Porter.*

How say ye by this lewd ipocrysy,  
 That is used so superstyciously ?  
 I cry God mercy, yf I make ony lye 900  
 Of them that deuout prayers seme to occupy ;  
 As yf God fro the cros by them shold be vndone,  
 And syt in the chyrche tyll it be noone,  
 Neuer speakyng in ony folkes presence,  
 But it soundeth to vertue, and reuerence ;  
 Yet whan they be moeued to anger and wrath,  
 I trowe to my mynde that other folke hath

Not half the spyte, vengeance, and rygour,  
 As they wyll have to theyr poore neyghbour.  
 For some of them yf they myght be a lorde 910  
 Wold hang another they be of suche dyscorde.  
 And where they ones take hatred, or enmyte,  
 Duryng theyr lyfe haue neuer charyte :  
 And who that hath no charyte, nor loue,  
 Can neuer please the Amyte aboue;—  
 And so this way they be fayne to come.

¶ *Copland.*

I beleue well ; for truely there be some  
 That neyther haue loue to one, nor other ;  
 For I wene yf it were syster or brother,  
 They wold no more pyte them nor rewe 920  
 (They be so fell) than on a thefe or Jewe.  
 For whan ye thynk to haue them moost in reason,  
 Than be theyr hertes full of deadly poyson,  
 And in theyr fury they be so vyolent  
 That they wyll bryng one to an exegent,  
 And neuer pardon, nor no man forgyue,  
 Tyll theyr neyghbour hath nothyng on to lyue ;  
 And so they make by theyr own consyence  
 Betwene God and the deuyll no dyffrence.—  
 But hey, alas ! do none this way trace 930  
 That do take wyues of small effyace,  
 Which cannot get bestow nor yet saue,  
 And to go gay they wyll spend, and craue ;

Makyng men wene that they loue them alone,  
 And be full fals unto them echone,  
 Spendyng theyr goodes without ony care,  
 Without good gownes, but not of hoodes bare?

¶ *Porter.*

They must come hyther, for they cannot chuse,  
 For they that wyll themselfe so vse,  
 The one to gete, and the other spend ; 940  
 And whan all is brought to an end,  
 Hether they come to haue conforte,  
 Syr, I beshrew all the hole sorte ;  
 Suche genyfenycs kepeth many one lowe,  
 Theyr husbandes must obey as dog to bowe.  
 Alas ! sely men, ye are yll at ease,  
 These deynty huswyues for to fede and please :  
 For so they syt and sew half an hour on a clout,  
 Theyr hole dayes worke is patched out ;  
 And so by theyr tryflyng, and lyuyng nought, 950  
 With other means they be hyther brought.

¶ *Copland.*

Well, good Porter, I pray you let them alone,  
 For happy is he that hath a good one.  
 I pray you shewe me of other gestes,  
 For agaynst women I loue no iestes.—  
 The showre is almoost dene, and I haue fer to go ;  
 Come none of these pedlers this way also,

With pak on bak, with their bousy speche,  
Jagged and ragged, with broken hose and breche ?

¶ *Porter.*

Inow, ynow ; “ with bousy coue maimed nace 960

Teare the patryng coue in the darkman cace

Docked the dell for a coper meke

His watch shall feng a prounces nobchete

Cyarum by salmon and thou shalt pek my jere

In thy gan for my watch it is nace gere

For the bene bouse my watch hath a coyn.”—

And thus they babble tyll theyr thryft is thyn,

I wote not what with theyr pedlyng frenche,

But out of the spyttle they haue a party stenche,

And with them comes gaderers of cony skynnes, 970

That chop with laces, poyntes, nedles and pyns.

¶ *Copland.*

Come ony maryners hyther of Cok Lorels bote ?

¶ *Porter.*

Euery day they be alway a flote :—

We must them receyue, and gyue them costes fre,

And also with them, the fraternyte

Of vnthryftes, which do our house endewe,

And neuer fayle with brethren alway newe.

Also here is kept, and holden in degre,  
 With in our hous the ordres viii. tyme thre  
 Of knaues only; we can them not kepe out, 980  
 They swarme so thyke as bees in a rout;  
 And chyef of all that dooth vs encombre,  
 The ordre of fooles, that be without nombre;  
 For dayly they make suche preas and cry,  
 That scant our hous can them satysfy.

¶ *Copland.*

Yet one thyng I wonder that ye do not tell,  
 Come there no women this way to dwell?

¶ *Porter.*

Of all the sortes that be spoken of a fore,  
 I warraunt women ynow in store,  
 That we are wery of them; euery day 990  
 They come so thycke that they stop the way.  
 The systerhod of drabbes, sluttess, and callets,  
 Do here resorte, with theyr bags and wallets,  
 And be parteners of the confrary  
 Of the maynteners of yll husbandry.

V. 979. There were twenty-five orders of knaves. See them enumerated in the "Fraternitie of Vacabondes, &c. confirmed for ever by Cocke Lorell." 4to. 1575. In this curious little tract Cock Lorell says,

"Some orders of my knaues also  
 In that barge shall ye finde."

See above, l. 972.

¶ *Copland.*

A lewd sorte is of them of a surety.—

Now, mayster Porter, I thank you hertyly  
Of your good talkyng; I must take my leue;  
The shoure is done, and it is toward eue;  
Another tyme, and at more leaser, 1000  
I wyll for you do as great a pleaser.

¶ *Porter.*

There be a M. mo than I can tell,  
But at this tyme I byd you farwell.

---

¶ LENUOY OF THE AUCTOUR.

Go lytell quayre to euery degre,  
And on thy mater desyre them to loke,  
Desyryng them for to pardon me,  
That am so bolde to put them in my boke;  
To eschue vyce I the vndertoke,  
Dysdeynyng no maner of creature;  
I were to blame yf I them forsoke, 1010  
None in this world of welth can be sure.

FINIS.



¶ Heer beginneth

THE

Schole House of Women,

WHEREIN

EVERY MAN MAY READ A GOODLY PRAISE  
OF THE CONDICIONS OF WOMEN.

*From the title page of this tract no reader would be led to anticipate a most virulent satire on the fair sex, which however is continued with considerable invention, some learning, and a portion of humour, by the author, through upwards of one hundred and forty seven-lines stanzas.*

*Towards the middle and end of the 16th century the abuse of females seems to have been a fruitful subject for the muse, and various poems on a similar topic appear to have given employment to the printers of that day. The work in question was printed by Robert Wyer as well as by John Alde, and, according to Warton, John Kynge also obtained a licence for its publication. Such a multiplication of copies would lead to an inference that its popularity was considerable; though it is doubtful whether the favour shewn to it was so much the result of the truth of the satire, as of the general licentiousness of the age.*

*The vein of coarse humour however which pervades the tract, although it might from its partial indelicacy be unsuitable to the taste of the present age, probably was its greatest recommendation to our less scrupulous ancestors. | “The writer,” who, as Warton says, “was wise enough to suppress his name,” would lead us to believe in the commencement of the poem that it was in consequence of a silly panegyric on females that he undertook this*

task; but as I am not aware of any work now existing answering to the title he gives it, it is difficult to say whether this be not merely a pretence. At all events, it is clear that the character of the fair sex was not left unprotected against the slander of our author, as two poems (one written expressly in reply to this) are extant, which were composed in their defence.

Edward More, of Hambleden, in Buckinghamshire, wrote a poem in answer to this attack, and which was called, "*The Defence of Women, especially English Women, against a Book intituled the Schole House of Women,*" 4to. 1560.] At the time More composed this poem he was under twenty years of age: alluding to which, the historian of our English poetry very justly observes, that "it required no very powerful abilities, either of genius or judgment, to confute such a groundless and malignant invective." It is evident from a part of More's poem that the author of the *Schole House* was not known. This work of More's is supposed to have supplied one Wm. Heale, "a zealous maintainer of the honor of the female sex," with arguments in reply to a Dr. Gager, who, in his public act at Oxford, had asserted that it was lawful for husbands to beat their wives. Anthony Wood, speaking of Heale, says, not very gallantly, "He was always esteemed an ingenious man, but weak, as being too much devoted to the female sex."

*One Robert Vaghne also wrote a little poem (of which hereafter) called "A Dyalogue defensyue for Women agaynst malicyous Detractoures," 4to. 1542, supposed by Ritson to have been an answer to the "Schole House of Women."*

*That the subject of this anonymous poem was not a favourite one with our countrymen alone, appears from an old French poem among the King's MSS. 20 B. XXI. entitled, "un poëme des tourmens de Mariage."*

*This reprint is from the edition of J. Alde, printed in 1572, and was transcribed from a copy in the Bodleian library, contained in the Selden volume, C. 39.*

## The Schole House of Women.



THE prouerb olde, whoso denieth,  
In my conceit doth greatly erre,  
Bothe wit and discescion il he applieth,  
That thing of truthe would debarre;  
How beit that folke presume so far,  
Wherby the truthe is often blamed,  
Yet in no wise truthe may be shamed.

¶ A foole of late contriued a book,  
And all in praise of the femynie;  
Who so taketh labour it to ouer look  
Shall prooue all is but flattery;  
Pehan, he calleth it: it may wel be,  
The peacock is proudest of his faire taile,  
And so ar all women of their apparail.

¶¶ Wherefore, as now in this treatise,  
 Whatso be said, in rude sentence,  
 Vertue to increace, and to lay vice,  
 Is cheef occasion of my pretence ;  
 And where that trueth is, is none offence.  
 Who so therfore that blameth me, *vi a*  
 I say he deemeth wrongfully. 20

¶ Perchaunce the women take displeasure,  
 Bycause I rub them on the gall ;  
 To them that good be, paraduenture,  
 It shall not bee materiall.  
 The other sorte, no force at all,  
 Say what they wil, or bendeth the brew,  
 Them selues shall prooue my sayings true.

¶¶ Eche other man in generall,  
 Aud, namely, those that married be, 30  
 Give euident testimoniall,  
 Affirming the same if I would ly,  
 And thus reporte, that feminy  
 Been euel to please, and wors to trust,  
 Crabbed and combrous, when them self lust ;

¶¶ Haue tung at large, voice loud and shril,  
 Of words wouderous passing store,  
 Stomacke stout, with froward wil,  
 And, namely, when you touch the sore  
 With one bare word, or litle more, 40

V. 27. *brew*—probably *brow*.

They flush and flame as hote as fire,  
And swel as a tode for faruent ire.

¶ And when they hear one word that soūdeth  
Little against their lewd behauour,  
And twise so muche els, which y<sup>t</sup> redoundeth  
To their high praise, ye maybe sure,  
So light of eare they be and sowre,  
That of the better they neuer record,  
The worse reherce they word by word.

¶ It were much hurt for to discry  
The properties all of the feminy kinde ;  
How be it a man may coniecture ny,  
And say also, as experience doth binde,  
That very few ther be to finde  
But that they can, how so euer the matter stand,  
Beare fire and water bothe in one hand.

50

¶ Enuasions they haue both faint and feeble  
Them to excuse of duplicity ;  
As though they were inuincible  
Spotted in any wise to be ;  
And with othes so craftely,  
They shalbe forged on such a ground,  
As all things were bothe whole and sound.

60

¶ And be it earnest, or els in jape,  
Lo ! to them itis one maner of thing ;  
Surely nought els they after gape,  
But euer more in comming,  
To tell a man of his saying ;

Reason wil they not attend,  
But tel their owne tale to the end :

¶ And for to say moste commonly, 70  
This vice is appropriat to them all ;  
For let a man to them replye,  
In resoning of matters small,  
These women be so sensuall,  
That be their reason not worth a t—de,  
Yet wil the woman haue the last woord.

¶ There may no reason theirs debar,  
Nor none example can them conuert,  
They study allgate to be at war,  
And with euē sawes to be ouerthwart ; 80  
Malice is so rooted in their hart,  
That seldome a man may of them hear  
One good woord in a whole long year.

¶ All beit, the number of them be great,  
Yet dooth their foly far exceed,  
For all is fish that commeth to net ;  
In case that they of their minde speed,  
Brooch, ring, cloth or threed,  
Shame haue they none to ter or snatch,  
All is their owne that they may catch. 90

¶ What so it be they finger once,  
Of wedded man, or single, plain,  
He may as soon eat the adamant stones  
As the self same of them to retain ;  
Much they craue and nought giue again :



As holsume for a man is a womans corse,  
As a shoulder of mutton for a sick horse.

¶ And yet we may not them long misse,  
For many sundry commodities;  
So trick a way they haue to kisse,  
With open mouth and rowling eyes,  
Tung to tung disclose theis;  
One and other commonly  
Haue in such case like propertie,

100

¶ That hard it were, in mine opinion,  
If God him self would company keep,  
But they would bring him vpon,  
Waking or els a sleep;  
Displease them once and then they weep,  
By meane wherof sone dooth the cure,  
Yung fooles to keep long in vre.

110

¶ And while the wooing time dooth last,  
I meane with them that maidens be,  
Loth to displease, looue sure and fast,  
Axe what ye wil, and speed may ye;  
Few or none for the moste partye,  
Gently entreated, deny you can  
Within her tables to enter your man.

¶ That doon, they say that ye did make  
Promise to them by good assuraunce  
Them to mary and to wiues take,  
Els had ye not had such daliaunce;  
And all is for fear of good vtteraunce:

120

In case the belly doo not swel,  
They holde them-pleasd, and all is wel.

¶ Yet must ye be at farther daunger  
If ye doo intend to vse them oft ;  
Keep them bothe at rack and maunger,  
Aray them wel, and lay them soft,  
Yet shall another man come aloft ; 130  
Haue you once turned your eye and back  
An other she wil haue to smick and smack.

¶ Perchaunce the belly may rise with all,  
Then wil they swere and stare a pace.  
That thine is it ; when it dooth fall,  
Be it malary borne or base,  
Looke, they say, on thine owne face ;  
Beholde wel bothe nose and iye,  
Nature it self the father wil trye.

¶ An other ther is to singuler grace, 140  
Giuen vnto the babe forthe one,  
Or sure it is a meruelous face  
That God hath giuen vnto the mone,  
For were they xx. they must each one,  
Look they straight, either els a shore,  
Be like the father lesse and more.

¶ And when they are once waxen small,  
And able to ride or els to go,  
Unto like act againe they fall,  
As who would say you felt no wo ; 150  
Yf ye renounce kindnes to sho,

Then must ye send thē to sum straung place,  
As good a maid as she before was.

¶ Then if there come a loouer new,  
And them appoynt whether to come,  
They be like ready vnto the mew,  
And to be close from wind and sun,  
With litle labour they ar soon wonne ;  
Not one I warrant you amongs twentye  
But she eft soones wil be as redy. 160

¶ Wed them once, and then adue,  
Farwel all trust and huswifery ;  
Keep their chambers and them self mew,  
For straining of their fisnamy,  
And in their bed all day doo lye ;  
Must once or twise euery week,  
Fain them self for to be sick.

¶ Send for this, and send for that,  
Little or nothing may them please ;  
Come in, good gossip, and keep me chat, 170  
I trust it shall do me great ease ;  
Complain of many a sundry disease ;  
A gossips cup between vs twain  
Til we be gotten vp again.

¶ Then must she haue maidens two or three,  
That may then gossips together bring ;  
Set them to labour to blere the eye,

V. 164. *fisnamy*—*features*.

Them self wil neither wash ne wring,  
 Bake ne brue, nor any thing,  
 Sit by the fire, let the maidens trot, 180  
 Brew of the best in a halfpeny pot.

¶ Play who wil, the man must labour,  
 And bring to house all that he may ;  
 The wife again dooth nought but glauour,  
 And holde him vp with yea and nay ;  
 But of her cup he shall not assay,  
 Other she saith it is to thin,  
 Or els iwis there is nothing in.

¶ And when these gossips are once met,  
 Of euery tale and new tiding 190  
 They bable fast and nothing forget,  
 They put I warrant between tiding ;  
 Thus learne the yunger of the elders guiding,  
 Day by day keeping such scooles,  
 The simple men they make as fooles.

¶ Them selues alway doo make good chere,  
 With one or other they neuer rest :  
 Our John shall pay, that is not best,  
 How say ye, gossip, is it not best ?  
 I beshrew his hart now is he blest ; 200  
 He beat me, gossip, I may tel you,  
 That yet I am bothe black and blew.

¶ Thus out it shall, what so it be,  
 Good or bad, all is one thing,  
 Who so euer commeth to memory,

Shall not he look for the telling,  
 God wot they make many a leasing ;  
 It dooth their stomacks greatly ease  
 To serue what may their husbands displease.

¶ The yung complaineth vnto the old, 210  
 Somewhat to ease their harts therby ;  
 The elder saith : good gossip, be bolde,  
 To shew your minde wholly to me ;  
 Fear it not, ye knowe, pardy,  
 That I haue been bothe olde and yung,  
 Bothe close and sure of taile and tung.

¶ Then saith the yunger : I may tel you  
 I am so matched as no woman is,  
 Of all this night, til the cock crew,  
 He would not once turn me for to kisse ; 220  
 Euery night he riseth for to p—sse,  
 And when he commeth again vnwarmed  
 Dooth turn his a—se into my barme ;

¶ Lappeth him self round all about,  
 And thrusteth me out of my place,  
 Leueth me scantly one rag or clout  
 To couer and cast ouer my face ;  
 Ful little maner, gossop, he hase,  
 The moste vnkindest man haue I  
 That euer woman laid herby. 230

¶ And be the day neuer so long  
 He dooth nothing but chide and brawle ;  
 Yea, yea, gossip, the more is my wrong,

Whore and harlot he dooth me call,  
And bids me gossip, scrape, and scall,  
And for my liuing labour and swete,  
For as of him no peny I get.

¶ I was a curst, or els stark mad,  
And when I married with him vn wise ;  
I may tel you, I might haue had 240  
Another maner of man then he is :  
If I had folowed my freends aduise,  
I should haue had a minion,  
A man of land, a gentleman.

¶ The deuil, gossip, ought me a shame,  
And paid I am now euery peny ;  
I would God he had been blinde and lame  
The day and houre he first wooed me :  
Were not, gossip, these children three,  
I would not tary, ye may be sure, 250  
Longer with him day ne houre.

¶ Then said the elder : doo as I doo,  
Be sharp and quick with him again ;  
If that hee chide, chide you also,  
And for one woord giue him twain,  
Keep him short and haue disdain ;  
He should vse you after such a rate,  
Bid him be stil with an euel date.

¶ Cherish your self all that you may,  
And draw vnto good company ; 260  
Cast not yourself, gossip, away,

Because he playeth the churle with thee ;  
 And by your wil keep him hungry,  
 And bid him go, when he would game,  
 Unto his customers : God giue him shame !

¶ Be euer with him at yea and nay,  
 And by your wil begin the war ;  
 If he would smite, then may you say,  
 Go to hardely if thou dare ;  
 I beshrew thy hart if thou spare, 270  
 All the world shall wunder on thee,  
 How thou doost wreke thy teen of me.

¶ Because thou hast been at the dise,  
 And played away all that thou hast,  
 Or from thy gillots thou couldst not arise,  
 Of all this day ye sat so fast,  
 And now God giue the shame at last,  
 Commet drunken home with a mischeef,  
 And wouldst be reuenged vpon thy wife.

¶ Better iwis to holde thy hand, 280  
 And more for thyne honestye  
 I had leuer thy neck were in a band,  
 Then I would take it long of thee,  
 Trust me, I wil finde remedye ;  
 Smite, and thou dare, I make God auow,  
 I wil quite it, I wot wel how.

¶ In case there be no remedye,  
 But that you must haue strokes sad,  
 Take vp the babe, that then is nye,

Be it wench, or be it lad,  
And bid him strike if he be mad ;  
Smite hardly, and kil thy sonne,  
And hang therfore when thou hast doon.

29

¶ Thus euer among they keep such schooles,  
The yung to drawe after the olde,  
Meeting euer vpon their stooles,  
Of euery matter that they haue would,  
By meane wherof the yung wax bolde ;  
So that within a month they be  
Quarter maister, or more then he.

30

¶ Truely some men there be  
That liue alway in great honour,  
And say it goeth by destenye ;  
To hang or wed, bothe haue but one houre,  
And whether it be, I am wel sure,  
Hanging is the better of the twain,  
Sooner doon, and shorter pain.

¶ On pilgremage then must they go,  
To Wilsdon, Barking, or to some hallowes ;  
Perchaunce be foorth a night or two  
On foot, for wearing of horse shooes ;  
A viage made vnto the stewes,  
And neither kneel to stones ne stocks,  
But the offering take, with a quick box.

31

¶ Some time also licence they craue  
To be w<sup>t</sup> some neighbour in the midwiues sted,  
And all to the end some other knaue



Shall dub her husband a summer bird,  
The trueth is knowen, it can not be hid ;  
All beit that few men doo him hear,  
The cucko singeth all the yeer.

32●

¶ They haue also an other cast  
In case the husband be present ;  
The childe I warrant shalbe bast,  
And to her loue therewith sent ;  
The sely man none euel ment,  
Regardeth little or nothing this,  
How by the babe she sends her kisse.

¶ And that she would be reconed true,  
The matter to cloke more craftely,  
Her kinsman call him, I warrant you,  
And all to blere the husbands eye ;  
God wot the blinde eateth many a flye,  
So dooth the husband often iwis  
Father the childe that is not his.

33●

¶ Trim them self euery day new,  
And all to blere the husbands eye ;  
Plat and plant, and their heres hew,  
And all to make it for the eye ;  
The finest ware that they may bye,  
And all that euer they may imagine  
Is to allure the masculine.

34●

¶ Plant them round with many a pin,  
Ringed for routing of pure golde,  
Faure without, and foule within,

And of their tailes haue slipper holde ;  
 Bye who wil, ware wil be solde,  
 He need go no farther, the fair is heer,  
 Bye when ye list, it lasteth ouer yeer.

¶ Spare for no cost, but drink of the best, 350  
 And also of euery dainty eat,  
 Not in operation, and light to digest,  
 Nature to prouoke, and set on a heat ;  
 Oysters, cockles, and els what they may get,  
 Now this, now that, and fain them self sick,  
 Such things to receiue as for the phisick.

¶ By meanes wherof Tiresias,  
 Arbithier chuse the trueth to discus,  
 Giue iudgement plain in this case,  
 That the woman is far more lecherous, 360  
*Gallus gallinus ter quinq; suffecit vnus ;*  
*Sed ter quinque viri*  
*Non sufficiunt mulieri.*

¶ In case they would ought of you craue  
 A non they weep and lower apace,  
 And say, that they can nothing haue  
 Them to apparel as other wiues hase :  
 Trust not ouer much their mourning face,  
 Record inough of Sampsons two wiues,  
 Who foloweth their mindes seldome thrives. 370

¶ All beit the birder, with his blered eye,  
 Dissemble sorowe with his sad face,  
 Yet is there no birde he may come by

By his engines that may haue grace ;  
By women it foloweth in semblable case,  
Weep they, or laugh they, all is one thing,  
They dele moste craftely when they be weeping.

¶ And yet among who so wil thriue,  
And office bere in town and citty,  
Must needs be ruled by his wiue, 380  
Or els in fay it wil not be ;  
The wife must able him to the degree,  
Able or vnable, little careth shee,  
Because her self would honoured be.

¶ Fear not, she saith vnto her spouse,  
A man or a mouse whether be ye ;  
Should ye your honesty refuse,  
And be as like as other men bee  
In person and in eche degree,  
Take it vpon you, doo not refuse, 390  
And I my self wil finde your house.

¶ So by that meane of her counsail  
The man may not the office forsake,  
Because the wife would haue a tail  
Come raking after, and a bonet black,  
A ueluet hed, and also be take  
With the best, and not with the wurst ;  
The man must be ruled til al be in the dust.

¶ Of all the diseases that euer wore  
Wedding is next vnto the goute ; 400  
A salue there is for euery sore

To help a man within or without,  
But of these twaine I am in dout ;  
No pain so feruent hot ne colde  
As is a man to be a cuckolde.

¶ And be he neuer so fearful to fray,  
So stark a coward, yet wil he rage  
And draw his knife euen straight way ;  
Be he neuer so far in age,  
Call him once cuckolde, and his courage 410  
Foorth with wil kindle and force him strike,  
Wurse then ye named him heretike.

¶ And sith there is no salue therfore,  
It putteth many a man in fear  
To be infect with the self same sore,  
How wel so euer they them bere ;  
Good token haue they also els where,  
That who so euer weddeth a wife  
Is sure of sorow al his life.

¶ Of Socrates the pacient, 420  
Example good of his wiues twain,  
Which on a time fel at dissent,  
And vnto him did them complain :  
He laughed thereat, and they again  
Fel bothe on him, with an euel date,  
A p—spot they brake vpon his pate.

¶ He heeld him pleased and wel content,  
The p—sse ran down by his cheeks twain :  
Wel wist I (said he) what is ment,

And true it is that all men fain,  
That after thunder commeth rain ;  
Who hath a wife is sure to finde  
At home in his house many a sower winde. 430

¶ A certain wife said to me once,  
I would thou knew it, God made vs  
Neither of earth, stock, ne stones,  
But of a thing much precious,  
Of a rib of a man, Scripture saies thus,  
Because the woman in euery need  
Should be like the man in woord and deed. 440

¶ Man made of earth, and woman of man,  
As of a thing moste principall ;  
Which argueth wel, saith she then,  
By iudgement iust and reason naturall,  
That we be euer substanciall ;  
And yet ye men of vs bable,  
That women alwaies are variable.

¶ Which thing, as far as I see can,  
Should be employed rather to you,  
Sith of the earth God create man, 450  
And figures therof maketh euer new ;  
Nature thus naturall, me seemeth now  
Must needs his first originall  
Ensue, or be vnnaturall.

¶ As ye say (said I) help him wel,  
Euel to thiue, and worse to fare ;  
Who was the cause that Adam fel,

His wife or no, I make you ware?  
One and other little ye care,  
So ye may haue that ye desire,  
Though dun and the pack lye in the mire.

460

¶ Made of a bone, ye said ye were,  
The trueth it is, I cannot deny;  
Crooked it was, stif and sturdy,  
And that would bend no maner of way;  
Of nature like I dare wel say  
Of that condition all women be,  
Euel to rule, bothe stif and sturdy.

¶ And ouer that, who listeth to trye,  
Put me two bones in a bag,  
Or mo, as it is of quantitie;  
That doon, holde it some what sag,  
Shake it also, that it may wag,  
And ye shall hear none other matter  
Of these bones but clitter clatter.

470

¶ Like so of women in feeld and town,  
Assembled where that many be,  
A man may hear them by the sown  
Farther then them ye may see;  
Wherfore men say most commonly,  
Where many geese be, be many t—ds,  
And where be women, are many woords.

480

¶ And so the husband is like to haue  
A singuler treasure of his wife;  
He needeth neuer an il woord to true

All the dayes of his long life.  
 Hath not that man a perogatif  
 That may all way of his wife haue  
 A thing of nought and it not craue ?

¶ And commonly, where cause is none, 490  
 Some thing imagined is kept in store,  
 Which that she may, come the good man home,  
 With spiteful spite lay him before ;  
 Of little or nought they make much more,  
 And be it true or false they tel,  
 All is soothed as the Gospel.

¶ And yet the rib, as I suppose,  
 That God did take out of the man,  
 A dog vp caught and a way gose,  
 Eat it clene ; so that as than 500  
 The woork to finish that God began  
 Could not be as we haue said,  
 Because the dog the rib conuaid.

¶ A remedy God found as yet,  
 Out of the dog he took a rib,  
 The woman foorth with he made of it,  
 As to the man neither kin nor sib ;  
 Nature she foloweth, and playeth the gib,  
 And at her husband dooth barke and ball,  
 As dooth the cur for nought at all. 510

¶ A nother reason, if ye mark wel,  
 Dooth cause the woman of woords be riue :  
 A certain man, as fortune fel,

A woman tangles wedded to wiue,  
Whose frowning countenaunce perceiuing by liue,  
Til he might knowe what she ment he thought long,  
And wished ful oft she had a tung.

¶ The deuil was redy, and appeered anon,  
An aspin lefe he bid the man take,  
And in her mouth should put but one, 520  
A tung, said the deuil, it shall her make ;  
Til he had doon his hed did ake ;  
Leaues he gathered, and took plentie,  
And in her mouth put two or three.

¶ Within a while the medicine wrought ;  
The man could tary no longer time,  
But wakened her, to the end he mought  
The vertue knowe of the medicine ;  
The first woord she spake to him  
She said, thou whoresonne knaue, and theef, 530  
How durst thou waken me with a mischeef !

¶ From that day forward she neuer ceased,  
Her boistrous bable greeued him sore :  
The deuil he met, and him intreated  
To make her tangles as she was before ;  
Not so, said the deuil, I wil meddle no more,  
I deuil a woman to speak may constrain,  
But all that in hel be, cannot let it again.

¶ And by proof dayly we see  
What inclination nature maketh ; 540  
The aspin lefe hanging where it be



With little winde or none it shaketh :  
A womans tung in like wise taketh  
Little ease and little rest,  
For if it should the hart would brest.

¶ Look when the sea dooth water want,  
Nor no winde bloweth the mil to walke,  
When Ethna hil of fire is scant,  
The crowe is white, and black is chalke,  
When women wil cease of their talke ; - 550  
It is like propertye all women to bable,  
As dogges to barke, and geese to gagle.

¶ And that more is, all men say,  
That woman to man is moste comfort ;  
How beit, they mean it a nother way,  
And say, she is mans vtter extort ;  
And ouer that, by iust report,  
The smaller pease, the mo to the pot,  
The fairer woman the more gillot.

¶ The fairer of face, the prouder of hart, 560  
The lother to wo, the sooner won,  
The lesse of speech, the more ouerthwart,  
Not one so daungerous as is dame dun,  
The fowler she is, the sooner it is doon ;  
So short of heel they be ouer all,  
That if ye blowe they must needs fall.

¶ By meane wherof all men report  
And say, that wōmen can not be stable ;  
For be one gone an other resort

And profereth them thing seruiable ; 570  
 Our fily is fettet vnto the saddle,  
 Ride who wil, shod is the mare,  
 And thus they exchaunge ware for ware.

¶ In case thou wouldst not haue it so,  
 But rather finde euery thing wel,  
 I councel thee before thou go  
 Foorth of the town to crowch and kneel,  
 And offer a candel to the deuil ;  
 Percase thy wife would be salewed,  
 He would forset it all be shrewed. 580

¶ Example therof that was this :  
 A certain man from home should ride,  
 Which fearing his wife would do amisse,  
 To an image of Sathan vpon a walles side  
 Offred a candle, and that was espied,  
 And said, Sir Sathan, now I charge thee  
 My wife in my abcence that thou ouer see.

¶ His iorney ended, came home again,  
 And the self image went straight vnto ;  
 The deuil him shewed euery thing plain, 590  
 How he had let that should haue be doo,  
 And from her backward drawen one or twoo ;  
 The daungerous cure that euer he had  
 Was to keep good that would haue be bad.

¶ An other thing as principall,  
 Be not with her in jalosye;  
 What misaduenture so euer befall,

V. 580. shrewed—shewed ?

Forbid her mannes companye ;  
Nor yet rebuke her singulerly,  
In case thou doo, though thou hadst sworne, 600  
A blast shalt thou blowe in Ninerus horne.

¶ For as we see by experience  
Euery day before our eye,  
And by report of men of credence,  
For the moste part, the feminie  
By their innatiue distynye  
First and formoste when they be chid  
Wil that thing doo they be forbid.

¶ And ouer that thy wife present,  
I counsel thee be wise and ware, 610  
Thou praise no other mannes instrument  
Better then thine owne bering ware ;  
For if thou doo she wil not spare  
Were it neuer so naturall a fool,  
Til she assaie the self same tool.

¶ So frail they be of disposition,  
So crooked, so crabbed, and with that so euil,  
So lewd, so shrewd, light of condition,  
That sure it were vnpossible  
To let them of their owne self wil ; 620  
And but it come of their owne minde  
A man were as good throwe stones in y<sup>e</sup> winde.

¶ Say what ye wil, they wil doo as they lust,  
The proof therof in a certain fable :  
A husband man hauing good trust,

His wife to him had be agreeable,  
Thought to attempt if she had be reformable,  
Bad her take the pot, that sod ouer the fire,  
And set it abooue vpon the astire.

¶ She answered him, I holde thee mad, 630  
And I more fool by Saint Martine ;  
Thy dinner is redy, as thou me bad,  
And time it were that thou shouldst dine,  
And thou wil not, I wil go to mine.  
I bid thee (said he) vere vp the pot.  
A ha (she said) I trowe thou dote.

¶ Up she goeth for fear at last,  
No question mooued where it should stand,  
Upon his hed the pottage she cast,  
And heeld the pot stil in her hand ; 640  
And toward him she curst and band,  
Said and swore, he might her trust,  
She would with the pottage do what her lust.

¶ No remedy for to discontent,  
To prattle to them of reason or lawe,  
For be a womans purpose bent  
Nothing preuailleth to withdraw,  
Nor yet to keep them vnder awe ;  
Giue them councel the best ye can,  
They wil folow their owne wil now and than. 650

¶ Look of discretion, few womanly,  
And to thee were few profitable,  
Not three, I dare say, among thirty,

That be discreet and resonable ;  
 And yet alwaies they bible bable  
 Of euery matter, and make it nise,  
 And in conclusion be wunderous peuish.

¶ As holy as saints in church they be,  
 And in street as angels they were,  
 At home, for all their hipocrisie, 660  
 A deuilish life they lede all the yeer ;  
 When Lent commeth, then to the freer,  
 The fryer limlifter for a pray of pence,  
 Wil for all causes with them dispence.

¶ And that more is, I dare auow,  
 That if the wife displeasure take,  
 Be it right or wrong, yet thou  
 Must needs of force for thy wiues sake  
 Fight and fray, and hie woords crake,  
 Swere and stare, as who would say 670  
 Thou wouldst not let to kil and slay.

¶ In case thou take the matter light,  
 As a man of peace, looue, and concord,  
 Then wil she weep anon foorth right,  
 And giue thee many an euil woord ;  
 And bid thee gird to thee thy sword,  
 And say, if I had married a man  
 This thing should not be long vndon.

¶ Record the wicked Jesabel,  
 Which would haue slain good Helias ; 680  
 Record also of the Gospel

The wife of Philip, Herodias,  
Which through her doughter brought to passe  
That Herod her graunted, or that they wist,  
To giue her the hed of John Baptist.

¶ Thus where them self may little doo,  
As in regard of corporall might,  
Of cruelnesse they rest not so,  
But stir their husbands for to fight :  
The prouerb olde accordeth right, 690  
Women and dogges cause much strife,  
And moste occasion to mischeef.

¶ In case that thou so foolish be  
For thy wiues woords to make a brall,  
If it so fortune that she doo it see,  
Regardeth little what may befall,  
The first thing that she dooth of all,  
On thee she runneth and holdeth thee stil,  
Whiles that an other may thee kil.

¶ And if it chaunce any vnkinde woord 700  
Escape thy mouth, wherby that ye  
Between your self fall at discord,  
Trust me wel, in case that she  
By any mean may maister thee,  
For the moste parte all women be  
In such case all without pittye.

¶ Weake and feeble all beit they be,  
Of body much impotent,  
Example dayly yet may ye see,

Comberous they be and maliuolent, 710  
 Harmeles creatures, none euel ment;  
 The vpper hand if they once get,  
 Can no more harme then a mermeset.

¶ Who was so busy as the maid  
 With crooked language Peeter to appose?  
 Once, twise, or thrise, to him she said,  
 And thou, felowe, art one of those;  
 The trueth (said she) thy language shose.  
 Peter, abashed, swore and denaid,  
 And all by reason of the lewd maid. 720

¶ Some men there be also that say,  
 Be she single, or be she wed,  
 To much she coueteth of chamber play;  
 As did Bibles the thing forbed,  
 Presumed to be in her mothers sted;  
 Mirha also inordinately  
 With her own father found meanes to lye.

¶ The doughters twain of Lot the sage  
 Hauing like tikle in their tailles,  
 Could not refrain their wilful rage; 730  
 To satisfye with euel haile  
 Their father feasted with costly vitail,  
 Made him drunk, and so at last  
 Medled with him, he sleeping fast.

¶ Examples heerof diuers ther be  
 To prooue my saying is straight as a line :

As first, of the abhominable Pasiphe,  
And then the insasiat Missaline,  
Pirra, Fabula, and fair Heline,  
With other thousands many mo, 740  
Which all to resite would neuer be doo.

¶ I pray you why was Adam shent,  
Because he onely did transgresse?  
Eue him meeued first to consent,  
To eat of the apple she did him dresse,  
So all came of her wilfulnes;  
And sith that woman that offence began,  
She is more to blame then is the man.

¶ The wife of Lot willing also 750  
The wil of God to preuaricate,  
Out of the cittie when she should go  
Looked behinde her in her gate,  
To see by proof the prognosticate,  
Displeased God, and she anon  
Transformed was into a salt stone.

¶ I pray you what did Queen Atthaly,  
(Look in Paralipomenon,) 760  
Mother of yung king Othozye?  
Of all and of all the wilfullest one,  
Mooued the king aforsaid, her sonne,  
To doo much euil, especially  
The temple of God for to destroy.



¶ Mighty Sampson two wiues had,  
The first a Philistian by generation,  
Neither of them good, but passing bad,  
And eke to him far out of fasshion ;  
The first him caused by lacrimacion  
His probleme to hear, so that he said ;  
When she knew it, she him betraid.

¶ The second delt much worse then so, 770  
Deceived him, as you shall hear,  
For she his strength did take him fro ;  
In her lap sleeping she clipt of his hear,  
Betraid her lord, and her bewpeer ;  
Thus Dalida for meed him serued,  
And caused his eyes out to be carued.

¶ The wife of Job, the man elect,  
Saluted him with scornes and mocks,  
And ful vnseemly oft him chect,  
Saying, thou fool, ful of the pocks, 780  
Ful like a fool thy brest thou knocks ;  
Weenest thou for thy fair speech  
God wil come thee for to seech.

¶ Thy prating leue, foule thee befall,  
Trust me he wil thee neuer heale ;  
Thy beasts, thy goods, and thy children all,

V. 763. *Judges, ch. 14. v. 16, et seq.*

V. 774. *bewpeer*, or, *beaupere*—usually signifies father-in-law,  
but here appears to mean merely *companion*.

Be dead and brent, now euery deale,  
 And thou liest heer with many a bile  
 Prating and praying to the deuine,  
 And wurse thou stinkest then a dead swine. 790

¶ Like wise the wife of olde Thoby,  
 Whose name, as I remember, was Anne ;  
 Which him intreated boisterously  
 With sad rebukes now and than ;  
 Called him driuel and witles man,  
 Because he gaue, with hart so liberall,  
 Parte of his goods to the porall.

¶ The wanton wife of king Pharao  
 Joseph abhored with her to lye  
 In place secret between them two. 800  
 God forbid, madame, (said he).  
 Because she sawe it would not be  
 A shamefull lye she did inuent  
 In prison to cast that innocent.

¶ In women all this propertye  
 Is knowen sure and manifest,  
 That if a man may come so nye  
 To shew them game that they looue best,  
 And wil not doo it, then wil they iest ;  
 But trust me sure that with the hart 810  
 They wil neuer looue him afterwart.

¶ The wise man saith in his Prouerbs,  
 A strumpets lipps are dulce as hony,  
 But in her dealing she is sowre as hearbs,

Wormewood or rue, or worse, saith he ;  
For when them liketh to mock with thee,  
With tung and eye such semblaunce they showe,  
That hard it were them to mistrowe.

¶ As though they spake with mouth and hart,  
With face they make so good semblaunce 820  
That hard it were a man to start  
From their fair glosing countenaunce ;  
Thus with their sugred vtteraunce  
The simple men, that meane but iust,  
Deceiued are where they moste trust.

¶ In case they doo you but one benefit,  
An hundreth times by you recompenced,  
They wil you euer with that one entwit ;  
With little cause, or none offenced,  
All our demerits shal be vnrecompenced ; 830  
So beit lesse, or be it more,  
All is lost ye gaue them before.

¶ If ye remooue your copy holde,  
And would be tenaunt by indenture,  
There is no ware then to be solde,  
Ye must go seek at your aduenture ;  
For as of you I haue no denture,  
Think that I wil be so redy,  
Nay, by Jesse, I holde you a peny.

¶ And then if ye no labour make, 840  
Ye may be sure that then wil she  
Be sure out throwe the hauke to take,

The like of her affinitie ;  
 Good God, how straunge now a daies be ye,  
 I would haue thought ye had been none such,  
 But by the little is knowen the much.

¶ So at length by huch or cruch,  
 Lesse or more, euer they craue,  
 Until thy hand be in thy pouch ;  
 No woords preuail thee to saue, 850  
 A thousand thousand when they haue,  
 To make a man a thred bare cote,  
 And leaue him neither peny ne grote.

¶ Now this, now that, they craue alway,  
 One thing or other, they neuer rest ;  
 Say what ye wil, they wil no nay,  
 Nor none excuse, but their owne request ;  
 So they may be trimmed and fed of the best  
 They haue no remorse who bereth the name,  
 Nor whome they put to open shame. 860

¶ The trueth is knowen, as in this case,  
 By holy writ authenticate ;  
 Between Chamer and the judge Judas,  
 The book called Genesis examine,  
 How Chamer, the widow, in the way sat,  
 Disguised her self in straunge aray,  
 Judas to deseiuue after that way.

*V. 847. by huch or cruch—by hook or by crook.*

*V. 863. Chamer and Judas—Tamar and Judah. Gen. ch. 38.  
 v. 14. et seq.*

¶ Her fresh attire, and countenance therto,  
 Prouoked this man a question to make ;  
 She lightly concented, as some other doo ; 870  
 Said, what wil ye give, thy pleasure to take ?  
 Some pledge, she said, for promise is slack.  
 Of him she required staffe, mantel, and ring,  
 His minde to folow, and doo the thing.

¶ Short tale to make, the lawe was then,  
 A woman that found was in adultry,  
 Dew proof aledged by credible men,  
 Should suffer death, saunce remedye ;  
 The matter appeered by her bely ;  
 She openly said, in slaunder of Judas, 880  
 Who oweth these three this deed doon has.

¶ Thus be they all past shame and dreed,  
 And careth not who bid them baile ;  
 With ghostly sentence them to feed,  
 Little or nothing dooth them preuaile ;  
 Be thy back turned, anon they rail,  
 And say, for all your counsail good,  
 Ye had leuer a bare a—se, then a furred hood.

¶ To say that they can counsail keep  
 It were to me a meruailous thing, 890  
 Onles itbe when they doo sleep,

V. 883. *bid them baile*—*makes love to them*? See Jamieson's  
 Etym. Dict. article *Baile*.

Or no body to giue the hearing ;  
 Desirous euer of new tiding,  
 And were it matter of lim and life,  
 It shal be tolde out by thy wife.

¶ Tully the Romain vpon a day  
 Thought to approoue his wiues secrye ;  
 In councel tolde her he had put away  
 The emperours sonne, to the end that we  
 May reign and rule both land and sea. 900  
 Glad was she, and yet she went  
 And him disclosed incontinent.

¶ Tully escaped hard with his life,  
 And all by meane of his one foly ;  
 Had not the trueth been knowen beliuie  
 To haue be hanged it was ieoperdye :  
 Be it therfore true tale or lye,  
 Be wise and ware, wake or ye wink,  
 And tel not your wife all that ye think.

¶ King Salomon, bothe witty and wise, 910  
 A woman dooth assimilate  
 Unto a dropping euesing guise  
 Distilling down after rain late,  
 Whose drops vncleen dooth maculate  
 The finest vesture that any man weres,  
 With colde and wet the body deres.

V. 912. *euesing*—*from the eues of the house.*

¶ Euen so a woman litigious  
 Disquieteth an whole houshold :  
 And who so he be that in his house  
 Entendeth to keep a woman skolde, 920  
 The winde that bloweth bothe moist and colde  
 Were better far for to herbour,  
 And lesse should finde of displeasure.

¶ Enuious they be it is dayly seen,  
 And proud also of comparison ;  
 Record of Sabba, the gorgious queen,  
 Before nor since was neuer such a one ;  
 Because she enuied king Salomon,  
 To prooue his wisdome, and take with a trip,  
 Passed the seas in a merualous ship. 930

¶ Because that Naboth would not sel  
 Unto the king of Samaria  
 The vineyard he had at Israel,  
 Achab the king became angry ;  
 As soon as Jesabel the queen knew why,  
 She straightly cōmaunded by writing to fain  
 Some cryme vpon Naboth, and so he was slain.

¶ Look and read the book Bocas,  
 And ye shall finde many a reason  
 The pride of women to deface 940  
 For their misliuing in their season ;  
 Good women he wrot were very geason,  
 As ye shall finde of ninteen be wrot,  
 But of the twenty neither letter nor iote.

¶ Salomon saith, three things here be  
 Seldome or neuer saturate :  
 Hel the first is of the three ;  
 The second a womans water gate ;  
 The ground of water, insaciate  
 Of euery lewd fasshion, reckon who can, 950  
 And euer I warrant the woman is one.

¶ Hard to knowe, like number ther bee,  
 The fourth to knowe who is he that can ;  
 The first, which way a bird will flee,  
 Or of a serpent sprent from a stone,  
 What hauen a ship shall drive vpon ;  
 The craft of a whore perceiue who can,  
 And euer I warrant the woman is one.

¶ The ground also dooth vary by three,  
 The fourth may not be stablished sure : 960  
 A bond man set in maiestye,  
 A fool fed fat whiles he wil in powre,  
 An odious woman in weddings vre,  
 An heir made of a bond woman,  
 So euer I warrant the woman is one.

¶ Which things remēbred wel neer eche man  
 Report of them accordingly,  
 And say plainly, that in the woman  
 As little thing of praise worthy,  
 Lettred or vnlearned, whether they be, 970  
 They say of all creatures women are the best,  
*Cuius contrarium verum est.*



¶ And wère not two small venialles,  
The feminine might be glorifide,  
Set in thronis perpetualles,  
And as the goddes be deifide ;  
Twoo veniall sinnes they haue and hide,  
None of the seuen their names who can tel,  
They can neither doo, nor yet say wel. 980

¶ So to conclude of this tratise  
A finall end, rude though it be,  
The processe through who wil superuise  
Shall wil perceiue I make no lye ;  
An end therfore to make shortly :  
In my conceit he liueth in rest  
That medleth with them of all people lest.

## FINIS.

---

Go foorth little book, be not a fraid,  
To be accept with them that are wise ;  
And shew them plain, what so be said 990  
In any parte of this treatise,  
Dooth not disdain their honesties ;  
But for the lewd might haue a mirrour  
Heerby to amend their damnable error.

¶ Like as the preacher dooth discommend  
All vices liuing with mouth and wil ;

Or as the minstrel dooth intend,  
 With help of lute, finger or quil,  
 Example shewing to conuert the il;  
 Like so mine auctor dooth the same, 1000  
 No creature liuing spoken by name.

¶ Percase any one displeasure take,  
 Because it toucheth her properly,  
 In case that she such waies forsake,  
 Which moste accordeth to her propertye,  
 She needeth not heerwith to be angry;  
 God graunt vs all we may doo this,  
 For to amend that is amis.

¶ The good alwaies wilbe content  
 With that that is spoken in generall; 1010  
 Ther wil none so soon be discontent  
 As they that fretised be with all;  
 Rub a scald horse vpon the gall,  
 And he wil bite, wins, and went,  
 So wil all people that are maleuolent.

¶ Go forth therefore among the thick,  
 And bere in minde who is with thee,  
 The woords that Salomon, and Dauid spake,  
 In Iudicum, and in Genesye;  
 Hierome, Juuenall, and olde Tobye, 1020  
 Caton, and Ouid, wil testyfie,  
 And Merciall also, who listeth to try.

V. 1012. *fretised*—*fretted*, *irritated*.

¶ And vnto them that learned be  
I would and wil thou meekely went,  
And showe them who so made thee  
No thing purposed of il intent  
That should prohibit the Sacrament ;  
But that the masculine might heerby  
Haue some what to iest with the feminy.

FINIS.



A LYTLE AND BRYEFE TREATYSE

CALLED

# **The Defence of Women,**

AND ESPECIALLY OF

ENGLYSHE WOMEN,

MADE AGAYNST

**The Schole Howse of Women.**

---

Yf the turtle done  
Be true in loue,  
Voyde of reason, than,  
What shame is it  
Yf man hath wyt  
And hateth a woman?

*After what has been said of this tract in the prefatory notice to the "Schole House of Women," little respecting it remains to be added. The author, Edward More, was accounted one of the minor poets of the reign of Queen Mary; and I believe his sole claim to the title rests on this production, which is more deserving of notice from the object it had in view than from its poetical merit. More was a poor scholar at Oxford, according to Wood, but no further particulars of his life are mentioned in the Athenæ Oxonienses.*

*This work was only printed once, viz. in 4to. b. l. by John Kynde, A. D. 1560. The transcript for this reprint was made from a copy in the possession of my friend Mr. Douce. Several leaves however in the volume having been mutilated by the binder, I have not always been able to make out the meaning, and have occasionally therefore been compelled to have recourse to conjecture: in some few instances the defective passages are supplied by asterisks.*

TO  
HIS SYNGULER AND ESPECYALL FRENDE  
MAYSTER WYLLYAM PAGE,

*Secretary to Syr Phillip Hobdy,*

EDWARD MORE SENDETH GRETYNG.

---

CALLYNG to mynde the sayenge of Salust, that they lede theyr lyfe lyke beasts which passe theyr tyme in ydlenes, I could not chuse (for as much as I had a lytle vacant tyme from studye) but attempte some thyng wherewith I might be busyed; when I could not in a pretye space bethinke nor deuise what lytle worke I might occupie myselfe with, that might be correspondent and agreable both vnto my small leysure and tyme, and also vnto the place wherin I was at that present season (for I was in London). At laste a booke, inteteled the Schole Howse of Women, cam vnto my handes, wherin I had wel hoped to haue redde some notable gestes and actes of women (for so semed the false and forged tytle therof to promyse); but when I had well perused and ouerredde the same, I found the cleane contrary. For much againste my expectation I myght vewe and see

## DEDICATION.

theryn divers and sundry reprochfull thyngis spoken agaynste women, not only, as I thought, undeserved on theyr partes, but also moost beastiall lyke on hys behalfe which wrote the same. What creature, comme and borne of a woman, wold so spytefully wryte agaynste them? What learned man can iudge well of hym? What woman that knoweth hym can fynde in her harte to loue hym? And fynally, what good and honest reader, once reading the same, wil haue any further desyre or delyght to peruse it? Of a vyper I think hym to be borne, whose nature is to knowe a sunder hys dames belly before he cōmeth forth, wherby she dyeth. But perchaunce he in lyke wyse to auoyde ydlenes toke that hys worke in hand: truly better had it bene for hym (as Erasmus sayth) to haue bene ydle then euyll occupied. And as in takyng vpon hym that lewde enterpryce he semed to playe a founde and folysh parte, so in lyke wyse in hiding of hys name he only declared his wyt, which if he had expressed, no lesse wolde women wonder at hym then the smal byrdes at the owle; no lesse wolde they hate hym then the ape the snayle; no lesse wold they abhorre hym then the lysard the serpent; and finally, no lesse wolde they iudge of hym then of Nero, which caused hys mothers wombe to be rypped (she lyuyng) to see the place where he laye in. I then, for the fervēt affection which I bare to women, was desyrous to write in theyr defence;.



## DEDICATION.

but fyrst I beganne to consulte with myself weyther it were best so to doe or no, and I perceyued that many just causes dyd prouoke me to wryte herein ; and agayne, diuers dyd allure me to hold my peace : for as my god wyll and affection to women, the symplicitie, innocēcie, and ungiltynes of womē, the eschewyng of ydlenes, and the verite of the matter and cause, exhorted me : so on y<sup>e</sup> other syde dyd my lack of wytt, learnyng and age, allure me to the contrary, which were moost mete and requisite in thys behalfe, affirmyng it to be a matter more mete and decent for a marryed man to entreate and wryte of, then for a bachyler and prynkokes but of twenty yeares of age, or lytle more. And more mete in dede I thought it also for a marryed man, who in defendyng of women myght partly gratyfye his owne wyfe, whose honest behauyor, sobernes, wytt, and true loue theryn semyng to be apparant, myght redoune and sounde npt a lytle to hys owne honestie, and also wolde be a greate encrease of loue betwene them, although they skant loued before. Now when I saw none such ready to take paynes and trauayle theryn, I, lyke blinde bayard, quite and clene forgetting y<sup>e</sup> impediments in me afore named (that is to say) lack of wytt, learnyng, and age, whych were most requisyte and nedefull for thys purpose, raslye and unaduyshedlye toke thys enterpryce in hande (whereof I repente me not at all). And bycause

## DEDICATION.

that I knew nor was acquaynted wyth no ladye nor  
worshypfull gētlewoman in the courte, or els where  
to whom I myght dedycate y<sup>e</sup> same, as a thyng for  
the argumente sake (although not for the clerklyke  
handlyng thereof), moost mete and apte for theyre  
worshippes to beholde and looke on, you then came  
to mynde, of all men moost worthy of thys simple  
gyfte, not only for that, that you are an especiall  
fauorer of women, but also because you haue shewed  
and declared your selfe alwayes to be a singuler pa-  
trone and defender of my symple studye. So nowe  
lykewyse hauyng no mystrust at all in you, but that  
as in tymes past, so you wyll also accepte and take  
in good worth thys my small present and gyfte, as  
a testimonyall of my good wyll unto you, beyng  
not otherwyse able to declare the same, for lack and  
wante of worldye wealth. Thus desyryng you to  
take so much paynes at your moost conuenient lea-  
sure as to correcte and amende al such fautes as you  
wil fynde theryn, which although that the worke be  
but small, yet the numbre of them tho be excedyng  
great I dare well affirme. I commit you to the  
tuystion of the blessed Trinite, whome I besech  
all wayes to preserue and kepe you hole in soule  
and bodye to hys wyll and pleasure, and to your  
owne hartes desyre.

*Frō Hambleden, the xx. day of Julye,  
Anno Domini. MDLVII.*

Finis qūd E. M,

## EDWARD MORE

TO HYM THAT WROTHE THE BOOKE CALLED

### *The Schole House of Women.*

---

If thy name were knowen that wrytest in thys sorte,  
By womenkind unnaturally, gyung euil reporte,  
(Whom all men ought, both yong and old, defend  
with all theyr might,  
Considering what they do to deserue of every lyuing  
wyght ;  
As in there trauayle taken, sometymes with losse of  
lyfe,  
To brīg such wretches to this world, which make  
not only strife,  
But beyng come to perfyte age, can skant gyue and  
a forde  
Unto theyr dāmes y<sup>t</sup> gaue thē suck so much as one  
good word.)  
Ywys thou shulde exiled be, from women more and  
lesse,  
And not without iust cause thou must thy selfe con-  
fesse,

Onles as in thy booke, so now thou lyst to lye,  
Where are nothings but rayling iestes of the pore  
femynye.

Thy booke iutytled is the Scholehouse of Women,  
A tedious thyng for them to reade, not pleasant vnto  
men :

The style thereof declareth no lesse, but that thou  
art right sage,  
And lyued hast so longe perdye, that now thou dotest  
for age ;

Lesse meruayle then it is, that if thy othe be spent,  
And of eche one reiected arte and hated as the lent :  
Though thy melancoly thou canst not els assuage  
No kynde of way but only thus, on women for to rage.  
*Pean* to be a folysh worke thou dost testyfy, 21  
Whych lyke a learned poet, by the fygure onomatopei,  
Trãsformed thou hast into *pecock*, as proude of hys  
longe tayle :

Marck, I pray the well, how much there thou doest  
fayle ;

*Pean* is more lyke in sounde in our mother toage  
To pehen then *pecock*, whose tayle is not so longe,  
Nor set with sundry colors, nor of so pleasaunt hewe,  
That she doth boast and brag theryn, is not thys  
ryght kewe ?

All men, that learned be, allowe the in no case,  
All women eke that wytty be haue cause to curse thy  
face,

All maydens that vyrgynytye do court styll to kepe,  
Through thy accusacyons, haue now iust cause to  
wepe.

All yongmen that intende to lyue in Venus lawe,  
I meane in matrymony, hauying of God the awe,  
May well deryde and mock thy folyw and lewde  
pranck,

Wherein I dare be bold to say, thou had more payne  
then thank.

In married men such feare there is, and such con-  
tynuall awe,

That moost of them beleue y wys they be of Moyses  
lawe ;

And fynaly, to conclude, the beste and eke the wourst,  
For thys thy foolysh entrepryse may hold the well  
accurst. 40

Repent, therefore, repent, I say, acknowledge ones  
thy fact,

Recant I rede the, and confesse, thy lewde and syn-  
full act,

Which doth not hurte to one, but all of eche degree  
Haue cause to bend theyre browes thereat, as oft as  
they it see ;

Although to call it in agayne it be now past thy  
hand,

Yet to recant ease thou shalte fynd, I wyl thou vn-  
derstand ;

For yf that Judas perdan had asked by and by  
Of God, he had obtayned it, as Scriptures testifie.  
Now to conclude and make an end, I wyll apply my  
    wytt  
In writing for good women all as is moost meete and  
    fitt. 50

FINIS.

¶ Here begynneth the Poem

CALLED

## The Defence of Women.

MADE BY EDWARDE MORE.



VENUS, unto the for help, good lady, I do cal,  
For thou wert wōt to graūt request unto thy seruaūts  
all,  
Euen as thou dyddest help alwayes Eneas thyne owne  
chylde,  
Apeasing the god Jupiter with countenaūce so mylde;  
That though that Juno to turmēt hym, on Jupiter  
dyd prease,  
Yet for the loue he bare to the dyd cause the wyndes  
to cease.

I pray the, pray the Muses all, to help my memorye,  
That I may haue ensamples good in defence of fe-  
mynye,

Them to defend of dyuers thynges as slaunders many  
fold,

I haue taken uppon me as a champyan bold. 10  
Repye that lyst agaynst me, I wyl them well assure,  
To spende my tyme in theyr defence, whyle my lyfe  
shall indure,

Although I want the grauytye of Cato that was sage,  
Which hard it is to fynde in any of myne age;  
And Ciceros eloquence is very hard to fynde  
In a curtyer truly, accordyng to my mynde;  
Senecaes breife sentences although that I do wante,  
Within Curtius style kepe me can I skant;  
Yet Salust south in wrything trewth I trust I shall  
attayne,

And as directly as I can declare my matter playne. 20  
Fyrst, I wyl make it manyfest that women beare  
much blame,

And men are more in faut, deseruyng styll the same:  
As the litle cobwep taketh the small flye,  
The swallowe fleyng through easely passyng by;  
And as the pore and nedy man hanged is sometyne,  
When the rycher skapeth for a greater cryme;  
So doth the sely woman, of eche degree and sorte,  
Runne in slaunder undeserued by means of mens  
reporte;



Whereby thys prouerbe sheweth playne, no lesse true  
then olde,

That thei moost ofte that wurst may the candle use  
to holde ; 30

This to be true, what better profe then by Eve may  
be brought,

Which dyd Adam attempt to do that thyng was  
nought.

Dyd \* \* endeavor to reclayme her to hys fyste,  
Bycause he knew her febleness not able to resyst.

What was y<sup>e</sup> deuel? man or woman, I wold some  
good deuyne

Wold take the paynes thys questyon to us once to  
defyne :

A man, I thynke in dede, of Lucyfers owne trayne,  
For of a woman dyuell I neuer red certayne.

Whan Lucyfer fyrst fill into the pyt of hell,

At Gods appoyntment for hys pryde therin styll to  
dwell, 40

There fell with hym a number moe of men, whose  
sodeyne fall,

All women yet remaynyng here may rue the tyme  
and all ;

Had not the serpent tempted Eue, who cold els ser-  
myse

So shamfull acte to bryng her forth of joyfull para-  
dyse?

V. 33. Great part of this line is cut away.

And besydes all thys, when she delyuered had  
To Adam the forbidden fruyte to taste, and hym had  
bad,

She knew then no deceyt, I dare for her appose,  
And Adam then to tast therof I thynk sure myght  
haue chose;

For she reherst the word, addyng no whyt more  
To that the synfull serpent had to her told before:  
And if that he to Adam fyrst had cum, no dowt he  
myght

51

Haue tempted hym as well as Eue, thys thyng de-  
clareth it ryght,

Predestinate she was therto, to withstand it not  
knowing how :

All Chrysten men ought to lament therfore, I make  
a vowe,

And not to cast it in her teeth, and on her thus to iest,  
A foule byrde it is perdye defyleth his owne nest.

Wherfore cam he to Eue? I haue tolde you before,  
Her lacke of strentgh, and nothyng els, was cause of  
her forlore;

Yf lacke of strength, bewty, wyt, in women be de-  
tecte,

It lyeth not in them these sayd thyng to correcte; 60

Nature fourmeth folks accordyng is to Gods wyll,

In God it lyed and wan els then to make or spyll:

But Adam beyng ruler of see, and eke of lande,

That Eue to hym was subiect it may well now be skand,

And hauyng strenght sufficient, wanting nowght but  
grace,

So wolde offende our sauour Christ to lese that ioy-  
full place,

Wherin he felt no woe, wherin dyd nothyng mys,  
To lede hys lyfe in heauenly ioye, who can saye well  
by thys ;

And yet men wyl transpose the faute to seely Eue,  
But no man, that the trouth doth rede, wyl them I  
think beleue ;

70

Wherfore I trust I haue declared here at large,  
That fawth cōmytted by the men are layde to womens  
charge.

Consydre now theyre ponishment, appoynted by our  
Lord,

To helpe my saynges somewhat no dout it wyl ac-  
corde ;

With daunger of theyre lyues theyr children they do  
beare,

Theyres ouerthrouges in labour hys meruell to heare ;  
And after they be borne, what dilygence they use,  
To bryng them up in fearing God, no labour they  
refuse ;

And we do dayly see suffyciently exprest,  
How nurses often wake, when most men take theyr  
rest.

80

Wolde Jesus haue been borne of Mary vyrgyn mylde,  
And humbled hymselfe to her as a louyng chylde,

Onles that they were innocent, and as the do pretende,  
Styffe, stowt, nor arrogant, nor ready to offende.

Alas ! may I saye than, that any Christen man  
Shuld wryte such thynges by women, that synce y<sup>e</sup>  
world began

I dare well saye they neuer dyd, nor yet so much as  
thought ;

How much to blame are men to saye that women be  
so nought,

And them thus to upbrayde with theyr barre passyng  
loue,

With wāton eyes and sugred lippes wher w<sup>t</sup> mēs harts  
they moue, 90

With all theyr myght and mayne to follow wanton  
wyll,

Wherin our poet doth recyte they haue neuer theyre  
fyll.

How farre from all the truth, how lyke it soundes a  
lye,

By reasons moe them one or two thus may all men  
it trye ;

The hotter that the contrey is, the proner to offende,  
And to venery more lyke to condiscente

The people are ; and, as I haue ofte rede,

Where wyues are ryfest, there a man may best be  
spede :

And on the other partye, the colder that is, 99

The lesse desyre and appetyte they haue to do amysse ;

And besydes all thys, the fayrer that they be,  
To more resorte of men there is them to beholde and  
see;

The more resort of men, in daunger soner runne,  
What dayly dryftes do men deuysē untill they haue  
thē wunne?

With Rome make I comparison, if I may be so bolde,  
And England do affirme to be then it farre passing  
colde;

Therby I meane in dede, that Romaynes are more  
bent

Then Englysh women be to such thynges to consent.  
Lesse wander they abroad, wherby the byting ayre  
Can theyr bewty in no point dyminish and appayre.  
Which of sundry wayes, the next way is of all, 111  
As I haue shewed a lytle before customers to call;  
Where our Englysh women do spare them selves no  
why,

But up and doune the fyeldes to and fro do flyt;  
The ladyes to the court do dayly take theyr traydes,  
Besydes a trayne of seruyng men accompanied wyth  
maydes;

That be the wether foule, or be the wether fayre,  
No wether being open theire bewty must appayre,  
Wherby a man may iudge, that of the people twayne,  
The Englysh women to be more chast farre then the  
Romaine.

This also I do note, and thinke to be moost true,  
 That most of al by yelosy daunger doth ensue ;  
 The men (in mine opynion) no people use it more,  
 In lookyng straye unto theyre wyues, as I haue told  
 before,

Therby it fareth thus with them, to be a prouerbe  
 ryfe,

To judge the Romaine harlot better then the wyfe.  
 Which use not so frequent in England, wherby  
 The Englyshmen do well auoyde that perlous yoper-  
 dye.

Now of Romaynes haue I redde innumerable good,  
 As fyrst of all of Lucres, that cam of noble blood ;  
 When Tarquyn the proude desyred her company, 131  
 Lyvy wyll the same affyrme and testifye ;  
 Thys Tarquyn (whome I named) dyd prese to do that  
 dede,

Which caused her, and also hym, not very well to  
 spede.

Fyrst wyth fayre wordes began he Lucres to entrete,  
 And when they could not take affecte, then he began  
 to threte

With his naked sword to take away her lyfe.

Alas, good Brutus, where wert thou, to succor then  
 thy wyfe ?

And fynally, agaynst her wyll Tarquyn lay her by,  
 The cryme is deedly for a kyng to do such vylany ;

Which when by hym was dun, away and he was  
gonne,

She sendeth for her husband and kindred eche one,  
And bearyng in her hand with her a naked knyfe,  
In presence of them all she ended ther her lyfe;  
But before she dyed, as Lyuye doth reporte,  
With a heuy hart (God wot) spake after such a sorte :  
O my husband deare, why do I lyue thys daye,  
Syth that (but not wyllyngly) I haue the now betraye,  
And most against my harte the godes do know right  
well,

That feare of death, and nothing els, was cause now  
that I fell— 150

Tarquin the proud hath rauyshed me thys nyght !  
Wherwith she wept full pyteously, her teares distill-  
ing bright

From her eyes, and sodeinly dyd thrust into her harte  
The knyfe, so ended she her lyfe in dedly woe and  
smarte.

Alas ! what hart so hard as is the marble stone,  
Yf she had sene thys dolefull syght wolde not haue  
made great moan

For her who lyeng ded, as white as any lylly,  
Whose cruell death dyd playnly shew, and for her  
testyfy, 158

That she was voyde from vice, not giltye of that gylt,  
And yet in satysfaction her hart blud there she spylt.

Lucres of Tuskayne also is come unto my mynde,  
Which to Eurylaus she wed her selfe so kynde ;  
That beyng but a straynger borne, and her deperted  
froe,

Dyed for very sorow, the story telleth soe.

Why loued she an other, alas, syth she was wedde ?  
Married she was against her wyll, she had as leue  
ben dedde

As hym to husband take, but that she might not chuse,  
For at her frendes cōmmaundement she durst hym  
not refuse ;

So that not only she, but tother of her sorte,     169  
Are to be lamented much, as voyde of all cumforte,  
For of these twayne they must do one, w<sup>t</sup> God eyther  
nedes glose,

Or els if God they please, theyr parentes strayt way  
lose :

Happy be they I say then, whose choyse to chuse is  
free,

Though they haue but lytle, no dought they shal agree.  
What saye ye now to Ouyds wyfe, which banyshed  
to bee

Desyred much, and leaue al thinges in Rome, where  
she was free,

With her husbande to haue gonne to take such parte  
as he ;

That fayth there is in womankynde a blynde man  
may wel see.



Susanna also, and Judith, with dyuers others moe,  
Out of Scriptures colde I bring, but nede requyreth  
not soe, 180

Eke of forrayne examples these are ynough to vewe;  
Now shall I one recite, whiche also is moost trewe.  
A kyng there was y<sup>t</sup> in y<sup>e</sup> warres had taken a greuous  
wounde,

His surgens had assured hym it wold neuer be sounde  
Unles that all the venom that therin dyd lye hydde  
Were sucked out by mans mouth; the king sayd,  
God forbydde!

The quene y<sup>t</sup> hearing hold her pease untyll that it was  
nyght,

When the kyng was sounder a slepe, y<sup>t</sup> heare hym  
blow she might,

Rose as softly as she coulde, and so by suckyng ofte  
Had gotte the venom clene forth; that done, with  
clothes softe

She dressed hym full handsomly, and wrapt it up  
agayne,

And heled hym with medycens, so that he felth no  
payne.

What dylygence wolde man requyre? what seruyce  
of hys wyfe?

What pledge of loue wolde he els haue then to saue  
hys lyfe

Wyth hassarde of her owne, whiche she ought moost  
defende,

Let men therfore remembre this, and theyre euyl  
tongues amende.

The doughter two of Loth, that lay theyre father by,  
Dyd in a good intend the world to multiply.

And many thynges we reade permitted were by Gode,  
In the olde Testament, and in the new forbode; 200  
For if the brother spared had the syster in those dayes,  
The world could not haue ben crest, I think no kind  
of wayes.

To cōme now to our cūtrei womē, why shuld men in  
thē dought,

And saye they be replete wyth vyce, synce straungers  
be without;

Although that I haue authors none, but all that I  
endight,

Long synce in author olde, I haue them redde full  
ryght;

Whych beyng but payngans borne, I herein so much  
trust,

That I beleue assuredly they wryt nothyng but iust;  
And I my selfe but lyttle more then xx. yeares of age,  
An Englyshman borne also, by nature nothyng sage,  
Onles I shuld declyne from all my progeny, 211  
Whose myrth theyre mery worke wyll show and tes-  
tyfy.

Syth my mother tongue I dyd well understande,  
I had no maner of delight in storyes of thys lande,  
Whych beyng true in dede no meruayle\thys at all,  
Though that my countrey womē actes to mynde I  
cannot call;  
Yet hath there bene within my tyme, for nede I colde  
them name,  
That for the loue they bare to men refused no kynde  
of blame :  
Theyr husbandes whylest in pryson lay, trāsgressors  
of y<sup>e</sup> lawe,  
Deseruyng in death for theyre offence, and beyng styll  
in awe, 220  
Haue presed to the prese of the thyck through and  
trust,  
As gree w<sup>t</sup> chylde as they myght goe, therein you  
may me trust,  
And neuer ceased vntyll they cam unto the rulers face,  
And meekely knelyng on theyr knees obteyned had  
theyr grace,  
And set theyr husbandes free agayne, who had none  
other hope  
To ende theyr lyues no kynde of waye but only by  
the rope.  
And in the tyme that Bullayne was besegede wyth  
our hostes,  
I know yet certayne that do lyue, that went out of  
our costes,

Left theyr frendes and kynsfolke, eke to Bullayne  
toke theyr way

Unto theyr husbandes and their loues, skant restyng  
night or day, 230

Untyl they had accomplished theyr journey with great  
payne,

Where whē one foūd her husbād well, iiii. foūd their  
louers slaine.

What heauy hartes had they, that founde theyr louers  
dedde!

Smal ioye I thynke they wold haue had an other strayt  
to wed.

What teares were shede by them! what syghinge from  
the hart!

What sodayne sorow, heuynes, anguish, gryef, and  
smarte,

Suffered those pore soules, no pen can wryte, nor yet  
tōgue well expresse;

Nor hart can thynke, nor whyt deuyse, the some of  
theyr distresse.

As warre is counted pleasaunt to them not tryeng the  
same,

So many thynk it but a sporte to beare a louers name,  
A louer to be named an easy thyng perdye, 241  
And yf they loue unfaynedly, what loue is they shall  
see.

Unto the burning feuer compare it I may well,  
What ease there is therin the syck therof can tell;

Of these two thinges if that the choyse offree were to  
me,

And that of them they one I must chuse no remede,  
To be sycke with loue, or els the plage to haue,  
The plage I wold fyrst chuse of both, so God me  
saue!

The one within a weke releaseth all the payne, 249  
The other in the harte tyll death doth styll remayne.  
Although a louer might accomplish Nestores yeares,  
Which liued three hundred winter long, in authors  
as appeares,

Of loue yet dyuers time shuld fele the woe and smart,  
Thought more heuye then the ledde lyeth at the  
louers hart,

As I myselfe may wel affyrme, whych tryed haue the  
same,

And so may moe as well as I, that count it now no  
game.

These thinges well wayed then, yf men of stomock  
stout

Say loue to intollerable, I put you out of dout,  
Great meruale it ys, I promise you, that womens  
feblenes

Is able to beare out so well their dolefull heauynes.  
Alas! their tendre hartes were oft lyke for to brast,  
Onles that teares of water sault distilled from them  
fast.

Yet some besydes theyr selves with loue are oft certaine,

Of them (more pyty is) with us there do remaine.  
Some man there is perchaunce that will of me enquire,  
Meruayling much that any man with loue is set a fire,  
And women with the same may or can take skath,  
Thinking it to be a thing which chaunceth very rath;  
For if that men and women loue, why do they disagree?

In consentyng eche to other thys daunger they may flee. 270

This may be aunswered diuers wayes, and first of all by this,

That not one man, what degre so euer that he is,  
To loue alkynde of women, nor yet one woman can  
Fynd in her hart (I dare well say) to fansy euery man;  
What auayleth it then, how may he flee that payne,  
Yf he loue that woman well that loueth hym not  
agayne?

And on the other parte, of a womans chaunce be so,  
How may she then in lyke wyse scape hys payne and  
dedly woe?

Agayne, if men presume to farre aboue theyr owne  
degree,

Yf that they loue and can not spede, how can they  
then it flee? 280

But men there be, and not a few, which do pretende  
to loue,

And meaning nothing els but maydens mynds to moue  
To loue agayne, to the entent theyr purpose to obtayne,  
Which when they haue, do draw away and leue to  
loue agayne.

Thus with sundry dryftes are maydes and wyues de-  
ceaued,

And ofte of theyre vergynite by men maydes are be-  
reued ;

Which being lost and gonne, what greater losse can be,  
What better thing haue maydens now then theyre  
virginite ?

Whiche causeth thē to wayle and wepe, as haue they  
cause to iust,

And though y<sup>t</sup> other meane good faith, doth make  
thē to mistrust. 290

Of lyke handling of a wydow, I can declare right well,  
Betwene Dydo and Æneas, as Vyrgyll doth it tell ;  
Æneas, Troye beyng won, and all the towne was  
brent,

Fled unto the see with Troyans by consent :  
Councell, helpe, and ayd of Venus, the goddess  
Of loue that was, and hys mother, as poetetes do ex-  
presse,

Take shipping for to sayle unto a land,  
Which prophetes did shew before shuld come into  
hys hand.

He so long laye upon the see, his vytaill being spent,  
Arryued in good Dydoes land, whiche when she hard  
she went 300

Unto him, to her that was a straunger as I rede,  
And dyd obeysaunce unto hym, and home with her  
dyd lede,

As one that all nobilitie dyd very much regarde ;  
He wanted no good cheare ywis, no cost for hym  
was sparde.

Continued he wyth all hys men in her courte certayne  
dayes,

An refreshed them selves well, as poet Vyrgyll sayes ;  
Required Æneas Dydoes loue, which when she  
graunted had,

And vitayles to his ships be carried that she bad,  
Æneas away sayled, skant bydding her farewell,  
Nor for his entertainment thanked her one dell ; 310  
At leste wyse cam no more at her, nor yet unto her  
sent,

Which moued gentle Dydo much, and made her heart  
relent ;

Remembryng that her benefyttes vppon hym so be-  
stowed

Are not regarded, but for them cruelte was showed ;  
And that Æneas noble was, she thought him to be  
iust,

And well she wyst that now she had put her whole  
trust



In one that her deceaued had, no meruayle was it  
than,

Though neuer after that she durst credyt any man.  
That Englyshmē w<sup>t</sup> maydes also haue playde y<sup>e</sup> selfe  
same feat,

I shall declare unto you here, but fye on all deceit.  
Of Englyshmen uppon a tyme there were in Scot-  
lande three,

Whiche taken were as prysoners, in pryson put per-  
dee,

And there were lyke to lye, the ordre of that lande,  
To abyde ny remedy, ye may well vnderstande,  
Vntyl they had theyr raïsons payed, which how it  
might arise,

Without frendes, thē selves but poore, they cold not  
wel deuysel,

Vntyll at last that one of them, more crafty then the  
rest,

Had tolde his fellowes to be donne what he thought  
was best ;

That is, to wyt, that one of thē, which was the hand-  
somes man,

Shuld fayne hym selfe exceding sycke in y<sup>e</sup> best wyse  
that he can. 330

Of what dysease thynke yee ? of fayned loue ywys,  
Which to be true no dout at all ye may Percyue by  
thys ;

The yealer had a doughter that was excedyng fayre,  
Vnto these Englyshmen wolde diuers tymes repayre,  
And treate wyth them of many thynges ; at last one  
of the three,

Whose lot is was and chaunce the dyssembler to now  
to be,

The other twayne withdrawing them (as was agreed  
before)

Uppon the yayers doughter looked and syghed won-  
drous sore,

And causyng her to syt hym by (as was hys owne  
reporte)

With faynyng herte and coūtenaunce spake to her in  
thys sorte :

340

I wold I had in fyelde bene slayen, but fortune wolde  
not so,

But that I shulde yet lenger lyue in dedly payne and  
wo ;

All my cuntrymen, that euer prysoners were,

Dyd neuer so vnquoyet hart with them I know well  
bere,

For besydes that imprisonment is odyous to the fre,  
There is a thyng whiche more then that doth dayly  
turmēt me,

In so much that I therwith in lyfe coulde not remayne,  
Onles that one thyng now and then restored my lyfe  
agayne ;

My meanyng and intent hereby I wold fayne that you  
knew,

I wyll myselfe declare yt playne yf that you wyl be  
trewe, 350

And swere unto me by your fayth you wyl it not dys-  
close,

But secretly within your brest you shall the same re-  
pose.

She sware unto hym by and by, that honest if it  
weare,

No liuing creature on the earth by her therof shuld  
heare.

No dought (sayde he) I put in you, but credyt do  
your othe,

Beyng bolde to tell you that before which I was lothe.  
When I to prison fyrst amonges the rest was brought,  
For my harde handlyng here tooke exceding thought;  
But when I called to mynde for what cause here  
we ly,

They had as iust cause to mourne me thought as I.  
It chaunced not longe after that, as we three sate  
here, 361

Your bewtie brighter then the sonne unto me dyd  
appere :

Reuolyng I then in my minde my harde and cruell  
fate,

On fortune could not chuse but rayle, for chaūging  
myne estate ;

In my natyue countrey of gentles come and borne,  
 Here I lye replete with woe as one that is forlorne :  
 Besydes all thys, your loue so perced hath my harte,  
 That remedyles I wayle and wepe, and dubble all my  
 smarte.

And sythes I am now bonde and lede thys carefull  
 lyfe,

Only may I wysh you to be my lawfull wyfe ; 370  
 Desyre (I wolde) and eke beseche of loue,  
 Onles I knew assuredly I shuld you nothing moue.  
 Being in this case, which if that I were free,  
 Your loue unto an Englyshman you wolde not graunt  
 perdee :

But graunt that you cold loue me, onles I were a large,  
 How shulde I able be of you to take the charge ?  
 But if that I conueyed were straye out of thys lande,  
 And safe in my countrey were, I wyll ye vnderstande,  
 And kyng were of the same, none on the earth but  
 you

Shulde be the crowned quene therof, to God I make  
 a vow: 380

What auayleth thys my talke? to what purpose  
 speake I thys?

Sith I know ryght well of you that I shall mys.  
*Loue* not I can not chuse, my harte doth cause me so,  
 Or els opprest w<sup>t</sup> carkes and cares I think wold  
 breake in to.

V. 393. This word is conjectural.

Now you haue herd my case, consyder well the same;  
 Culd you loue an Englyshman, or do you hate the  
 name?

In south be you assured, that if you can me fauor,  
 And unto husband take, I lyst not now to glauor;  
 And euen as I loue you, so to loue me agayne,  
 You shall diminish all my grief, sorow, thought, and  
 payne; 390

I shall you not forget whilon that I lyue,  
 Vnles I speake euen as I think, neuer may I thryue!  
 Therwith he wepyng fast, the teares distillyng fro  
 Hys eyes, gaue her a Judas kysse: alas, why dyd  
 he so?

When she had herd hym speake the wordes exprest  
 before,

Thynkyng no lesse in dede but that he longed sore,  
 And doted in her loue, hauyng no mystrust,  
 But thought by hys perplexitie that he was very iust;  
 Her tendre hart then melted to see hym in that case,  
 Wept and sobbed wondrous sore, that for a certen  
 space 400

She cold not speake one word for sheddyng teares so  
 fast,

Her hart she thought immediately wold verely haue  
 brast.

When she had cesed her wepyng, and thagony was  
 past,

Pausyng with herselfe a while sayd unto hym at last:

Where y<sup>t</sup> you wysh your chaūce had bene before this  
to be slaine,

No cause there is ywys that dye you shuld so fayne;  
And that your dobbble improsoment you lay vnto my  
charge,

It lyeth in my pouer to set you now at large;  
For whither you loue your contrey, and set but lyght  
by me,

Or whyther you loue us both alyke, I can now set  
you free :

410

And in accusyng me to hate the Englysh name,  
Without a tryall of the same, in dede you are to blame.  
To aunswere you therfore as dyrectly as I can,  
I had rather marry you then a Scottysh man;  
And plyght me here your troth, for so I thinke it best,  
And I shall do the same, and graunt you your request.  
Leade me with you home, and there do you me wed,  
According to your Englysh lawes, to bourd and eke  
to bed;

Money for our charges ynough I shall prepare,  
And for your sake the residue shall the better fare.  
He swore vnto her othes ryfe that all thinges shuld  
be so.

Well, sayd she, to morrow night we foure away wyll go.  
So when the nyght appoynted cam, the yayer toke  
hys rest,

Hys doughter tooke of money as much as she thought  
best,

The keyes she stale away, that lay vnder his hedde,  
The prison gate then openyng, away them three she  
ledde.

Which when they were escaped theyr peryll and theyr  
payne,

As crafty kaytyfes, worthy death, dyd send her back  
agayne. 428

Ye moderators of the scoles, ye iudges of the bench,  
Was not this a heynous cryme, to vse a loving wench,  
Who for very loue of one dyd make them al so free,  
And well contented was with hym away to flee,  
Leuyng countree, father, mother, brother, kyf and kyn?  
But when she was betrayed, what sorow was she in!  
Fyrst, what was her fathers gryef, the prisoners beyng  
lost,

What sorow to his harte, and to his purse what coste!  
And when he knew hys doughter to be ledde way,  
In what a traunce was he, no man I think can saye.  
Hys wyfe, and eke his sonne, and all the wenches kyn,  
Lamented much and dyd bewayle her foolysh parte  
therin. 440

And the sely wench was in worst case of all,  
Not knowing for her life on her what shuld befall,  
Wherfore she went not home agayne, for feare as I  
do gesse,  
But ledde her lyfe tyll death dyd come in wofull  
heavynes.

Thus may ye se exprest the nature here of men,  
 And yet they wyl affirme women worse then them.  
 Vyrgyll once appoynted to haue layen a woman by,  
 Perswaded her therto there was no remedy:  
 And when that she perceyued that he wold haue no  
 nay, 450

So that you come this night (saith she) I wyl your  
 mid obay:

I myselfe do lye (quod she) in a chaumbre hye,  
 And my husband lieth beneth in a chambre bye;  
 Wherefore I can not well deuyse how in you may be  
 brought,  
 No kynde of way but only thus, which now I haue  
 be thought:

I wyl let doune a basket, by a corde perdee,  
*Insides wherof* you sitting in shalbe drawen vp to mee.  
 Vyrgyll trusting so his purpose to obtayne,  
 According as it was agreed at night he cam agayne,  
 Where he founde the basket, by a lyne let downe in  
 dede,

And quickly leping in, trusted well to spede. 460  
 When knowledge that she had aboute that Vyrgyll  
 was therin,  
 She plucked hym halfe way up, that donne, to make  
 a pyn

V. 456. These words are supplied on conjecture, the original  
 being mutilated.



Of woode, or some lyke thing, she put herselfe in ure,  
Wherunto she tyed the rope, for slydyng made it sure;  
So that Vyrgyll when no way escape knew how he  
myght,

Of force he was constrayned there to tarry all the  
nyght,

Untyll the next morninge that it was brode lyght  
daye :

There when that he espyed was al folkes at hym had  
playe.

Thus it is ryght euydent, and manifestly shewede,  
That women are ryght honest, and men are very  
lewede. 47Q

As touching the apparayll now, which women vse to  
weare,

Theyr verdyngalles and cassockes, the perting of their  
heare,

Wherwith that they waxe proude, our Poet sayth sure,  
At home lyke dyuelles they be, abroad lyke aungelles  
pure.

These thinges lawfull to be, and tolerable toe,  
By reasons good and probable I shal it strayt wayes  
shoe ;

A woman having nothing but at her husbandes  
hande,

That he thus maynteneth her it may now welbe  
skande.

Who is then in moost fauot ? who ought to bear the  
blame ?

Not she that weareth them, but he that byeth the  
same. 480

Tollerable, notwithstanding, that such apparayle is,  
What harme lyed hydde therein, I wolde fayne knowe  
but this ;

First to a cassocke (I am sure) lesse cloth they do  
allowe,

Then to a gowne or frocke, wherfore consyder now,  
More profyt is it farre, lesse cost also perdye,  
Honest therfore his, it can none other be ;

For Tully in his Offices sheweth by wordes exprest,  
That nothing can be profitable onles it be honest.  
To the parting of theyr heare, and showing of the  
same,

Since men do the lyke thyng, why beare they then  
no blame ? 490

In combing of theyr berdes, in strokyng them full  
ofte,

In wassyng them with wassyng balles, in lookyng  
all alofte,

In plaitting of them diuers wayes, in byndyng thē in  
bande,

Wherein their hole delyght alwayes consystes and  
standes.

No meruayle then though women, lerning it of men,  
Do combe and plat theyr heare, and dresse it nowe  
and then.

Yet women be dispraysed, where men are moost in  
faute,

Exāples such to gyue theyr wyues, which they acōpt  
so naught.

Yf a precher shulde vs teach drunkennes to shun,  
And hedlong to that vyce he hymselfe shuld run,  
Who were in most fault, who were most worthy  
blame,

501

He that herde the sermon, or he that preceed the  
same?

As touchig now theyr verdingalles, which do men  
much offēde,

I deferre them not tyll now as hard for to defende;  
For as men in thother thinges haue bene in greatest  
cryme,

So can I not holde them excused at thys present  
tyme.

Who first inuented vardingalles, it must be called to  
mynde,

And by whom also they were made we must in lyke  
wyse fynde?

Taylers (as I gesse) were the first founders then;  
What kynde of people be they, women or els men?

The most of all our fashyons of garmentes whiche  
we vse, 511

Of what so euer sorte they be, playne or els dyffuse,  
Straungers them inuent, of straungers them we lerne,  
As by our Spanysh hose and shoes, a man may well  
dyscerne ;

The Frenche gownes and the Duche, which women  
vse to were,

And also theyre French hoodes, theym broddyng of  
theyr heare,

From Fraunce and Flaüders fet were by merchandes  
of our lande ;

They tought their wiues to were y<sup>e</sup> sawe, it may be  
understāde,

For women travaill not to see the countreyes farre,  
For although they wolde, theyr husbandes yet wold  
thē therof quite barre ; 520

But if there be a noueltye chaüced in Almayne,  
Fraunce, Flaunders, Italy, Portyngale, or Spayne,  
Or any other regyons, where men haue ledde theyre  
lyues,

At theyre cōmyng home they declare it to theyre  
wyues ;

And some, for lacke of newes, some thinges they do  
deuyse,

Accompting it a shame, there be some so precyse,

V. 518. sawe—same ?

To knowe nothing at all, and so long tyme to spende,  
Wherefore to bring home nouekties they alwayes do  
entend.

And tollerable it ys (the south to say) in those  
That a yoyrney vnto Rome vnto themselves haue  
chose, 530

Or thei that come from thence, as one doth specyfye,  
May tell a lye or twayne by Rome's authoritie.

What pride can the pore verdyngalles increase in  
women kynde,

The stof that goeth to the same is easy for to fynde,  
Is fustian or buckram, lystes and eke redde cloth,  
A costly thing, I promise you, that men shuld be so  
wroth.

Suppose they be of veluet, sylk, or cloth of gold,  
What wytty man is he therwith fynd fault that wold?  
Although for money often times there is debat and  
strife,

And for the same many a man in time hath lost hys  
lyfe, 540

Yet money is not euyl, nor ought to beare no blame,  
The only fawt remaineth in them that do mysuse the  
same.

So garmentes, I affirme, what soeuer that they be,  
Are decent for all wemenkinde, regarding theyre  
degre.

As sone may a man in a begger fynd  
 As proude an hart as in a lorde, which groweth out  
 of kind ;

The prouerbe semeth contrary to iudge pryde in the  
 lord,

For euyl doth a lordes hart and a beggers purse ac-  
 cord.

Where excessyue talke is layd to womens charge,  
 And that men cast it in theyr teeth, theyr tōgues to  
 run at large ; 550

Graunt it so to be, as it is not verely,  
 But that they be thus slaundred, alas, what remedy?  
 Yet were it but a small fault, in authors syd we fynde,  
 True to be and credyble, wordes to be but winde.  
 Theyr tonges I think offended haue on earth no lyu-  
 ing man,

And if thei had for that, that men neyther will nor can  
 With them once beare, how farre they run a straye  
 Ye shal perceyue, if that ye note Sainct Peter, who  
 doth saye :

Ye men bere with your wyfes, which weker vesselles  
 be,

But yet the weke the burden bere, as ye may herby  
 see : 560

Many husbandes, all the day.sytting at the wyne, ..  
 At night comyng relyng home, as dronken as are  
 swyne,

V. 553. syd—since ?

Theyr wyfes therof ashamed be, and thē strait way  
exhort

At home to tarry and be merry, to flee all such resort;  
Wherwith the men waxe angry, their wyfes be so  
bold,

And if they speake a lytle laud, men say strait away  
they skold;

Wherfore I meruaile much, and so do moe then I,  
That women beare so great a blame, and no cause to  
be why:

And fynally, to conclude, I haue the greater ruth,  
That innocētes shuld slaūdred be, but time shall trye  
the truth.

570

¶ FINIS.

¶ THE AUTHOR TO HIS BOOKE.

GoE for thou lytle booke, looke with a smilyng  
cheare,

To women shalt thou wellcome be, therof thou  
nedest not feare.

Yf it be thy chaunce our English courte to see,  
Then vnto our ladyes there I great them well by the;  
Or if it be thy pleasure in London to remayne,  
Behaue thy selfe so honestly, that none do the dis-  
dayne;

Or whither best it lyketh the in the wyld cuntree  
 To dwell, or euery where a suierner to be  
 To maidens, wydowes, wyues of euery degree,  
 Obedient be, and be vnto them commaunded haue  
 thou me. 580

If any man do happen, in contrey or in toune,  
 For prasing women kind on the to cast a froune,  
 Thus mayst thou aunswere well, that all thou hast  
 sayd,

Are so true and manifest, thei can not be denyed.  
 Some agayne perchaunce wyll fynd fault with thy  
 style,

As rough, rude, and barbarous, nedyng the smitthes  
 fyle :

Tell them that neyther age nor wyt that is in me,  
 Can make a booke more eloquent then this which  
 now they se.

Good wyll was it enforced me to wryte this lytle  
 booke,

Let the readers then therof on the meanyng looke ;  
 With myndes indifferent let them the same well vewe,  
 Then shall they well perceyue and see that I haue  
 written trewe : 592

Whych yf they shall denye, theyr errorr wyll appeare,  
 For Leuy, Vyrgyll, Ovyd, will witnes with me beare.  
 Of thother thinges which are in thys treatyse shewen,  
 Some of them haue I harde, the other haue I knowen,



The resydue by reason debated haue I well,  
 As I do gesse at least wyse, that learned be can tell.  
 If any thing vndicent or rude be in my ryme,  
 Let them impute the same to bryefnes of the tyme.  
 If flattery alleged be, and layde vnto my charge,  
 That to please women kynde I haue written so large  
 In the disprays of men, which I ought not haue dun,  
 For that I am a man, and into daunger run.  
 Perhaps I am, yet let men note well this one thinge,  
 That they that I haue named haue bene of vicious  
 lyuinge ;

As Adam and Æneas, wyth the three Englysh men  
 That in Scotland prysoners were, let us merke well  
 then

The actes of all these fyue, for which I haue them  
 blamed ;

In Oxforde, in Cambridge, I think not one that  
 named

610

Myght be, whych coulde by reason good defende,  
 Or theyre lewde pagentes played so much as ones  
 cōmende ;

For soner may a man by sophystry well proue,  
 The mouse and the olyphant very well to loue,  
 Betwene foxes and gese perpetuall amyte,  
 To wofes and the lambes vnfaynede frendes to be,  
 Then theyr deceytes to women kinde, before by me  
 exprest,

May by any learned man be proued to be honest :

I do not therefore repent myselfe that I haue on me  
take

Thys lyght and easy enterprise for all good womens  
sake ; 620

Although I know assuredly that diuers wyl euyl talke,  
I am nothing dismayde therwith; syth God on earth  
dyd walke,

And coulde not please nor satisfye all men no kynde  
of waye;

Shall I then looke to do that thing that God cold not  
do? naye :

Wherfore though good men do it prayse, and euyl  
do discōmende,

It forceth not (the truth to saye) and thus I make  
an ende.

FINIS.

THE

**Proude Wyues Pater noster,**

THAT

WOLDE GO GAYE, AND VNDYD HER HUSBONDE,  
AND WENT HER WAYE.

*At a period when attacks on the softer sex were considered as a favourable subject for the muse, we cannot wonder that ingenuity was set to work in the fabrication of titles which might prove alluring to the multitude. Hence only can we account for the quaintness of that to the following little poem, which although possessing less humour than the Schole Howse of Women, is also less coarse in its invective, and not so general in its satire. The author is unknown, as that species of caution which actuated the party who wrote the above-mentioned poem, probably deterred the writer of the tract in question from meeting the obloquy which the nature of his attack would have called down on him, if personally and publicly known.*

*This work does not appear to have been often printed. In the Bodleian library it occurs, in the Selden volume before mentioned. For this reprint however I am indebted to my kind friend Mr. Douce, who also pointed out to my notice a passage in the Biographia Dramatica, in which a play, called the "Proud Wives Pater noster," is stated to have been entered on the stationers' book in 1559. This however in all probability alludes to the poem in question, as the date of it appears to be in the following year, when it was printed by John Kyng.*

*This tract occupied a place in the curious collection of Captain Cox, the mason, of Kenilworth.*

## The Proude Wyues Pater noster.



ON hye feest dayes whan wyues go gaye  
To chyrche with grete deuocyon,  
Theyr prayers deuoutly for to saye,  
Theyr thynkyng is on thys lesson :  
Or they go forth themselfe to trym,  
Both heed and brest, on foote and hande,  
I swere to you, by swete Saynt Sym,  
Thēselfe they thynke angels well to vnderstāde.

Theyr beauteous behauyour, and cōtenaūce demure,  
     They thynke full pleasaunt for to beholde,      10  
 But for to go gay ye may be sure  
     They muse full often and many folde ;  
 And how they myght best to passe brynge,  
     Eche as gorgyous as other to go  
 In theyr aparell, gyrdell, and rynge,  
     And other trym knackes many mo.

To chyrche they be come, this is no lye,  
     Vnto theyr pewe there for to knele,  
 Reuerence doynge to the otherby,  
     With countenaūce meke, and becometh thē wele ;  
 Than syt they downe, eche gossep other by,      21  
     Beholdynge theyr aparell of eyther syde,  
 Yf the one be gaier than the other that doth espie,  
     Than she thynketh her felowe set all full of pryde.

Yet to her deuocyon she dothe her set,  
     And *Paternoster* she doth begyn ;  
 But to gay gere her hert doth fret,  
     And thynketh how she may such gay gere wyn,  
 Sayenge to her selfe, what fortune haue I,  
     That my felow so gorgyous is in her gere,      30  
 And I syte here so poorely her by ?  
     But it shalbe amended, by God I swere.

¶ *Qui es in cœlis*—and that within shorte whyle,  
 Or elles my husbande full sore it shall repent,  
 For I can nought gete of him by fete nor whyle,  
 But all shall be myne now that I in hāde cā hent  
 From him alway, whatsoeuer betyde,  
 Tyll I be arayde as other women be ;  
 I wolde not haue ought for no maner pryde,  
 But only bycause it is a good syght to se. 40

¶ *Sanctificetur nomen tuum*—  
 Lorde halowed be thy name,  
 Yf to such gere I may come,  
 Than shall I bere bothe porte and fame,  
 As other women in euery where  
 Do alway where as they do wende  
 Go feete and fresshe and trymme in theyr gere,  
 In the best maner as them doth to pretende.

¶ *Adueniat regnū tuū*—thy kingdom come to vs  
 After this lyfe whan we hens shall wende ; 50  
 But whyle we be here now, swete Jesus,  
 As other woman haue suche grace in me sende,  
 That I may haue, Lorde, my heede into wrap,  
 After the guyse kerchefes that be fyne,  
 And theron to sette some lusty trymme cap,  
 With smockes wel wrought, soude w<sup>th</sup> sylkē twyne.

¶ *Fiat voluntas tua*—thy wyll fulfylled be,  
 Lorde God, alway as thys tyme doth requyre ;  
 And as my gossep, that sytteth here by me,  
 So let me be trymmed, nought elles I desyre ; 60  
 Therfore yf it may be in any wyse,  
 For thou hast power therof to do thy wyll,  
 To make me go gay after the best guyse,  
 For reason it is with ryght good skyll.

¶ *Sicut in celo et in terra*—in heuen as in erthe,  
 It is alway sene, go we neuer so ferre,  
 That women aboue all the beaute bereth,  
 And without gay gere our beaute we marre ;  
 Therfore, good Lorde, let thys be a mended,  
 And gay gere to were that I may haue, 70  
 Or elles my lyfe wyll haue an ende,  
 For very pure thought nought can me saue.

¶ *Panem nostrum cotidianum*—  
 Our dayly brede, Lorde, wyll also do wel ;  
 But of dyuers cornes I haue many a corne  
 At home in my barne for to sell ;  
 But therwith, Lorde, I dare not mell,  
 For feare of my husbände that kepeth me so hard,  
 A bushell therof I dare not sell,  
 For yf he wyste the game ware marde. 80



¶ *Da nobis hodie*—gyue vs thys daye,  
 And specially me, my Lorde, that am heuy at hert,  
 Tyll I haue my wyll Lorde ; a parte, I saye,  
 Of my desyre, Lorde, or elles I must lyue in smarte.  
 With that full maruaylously can she syght,  
 And in a swone halfe gan she fall ;  
 Her felowe beholdynge that wofull wyght,  
 And wondred full sore than here with all.

¶ *Et dimitte nobis debita nostra*—now  
 Mercy, good Lorde, and forgyuenes ; what is thys ?  
 I was neuer thys afrayde, I make God a vow ; 91  
 Good Lorde, sayd she, than what meaneth thys ?  
 And her lyttell fynger than wronge she fast,  
 Her to reuyue, and gaue her swete spyce ;  
 So she vp sterte than at the laste  
 Lyke a trym gossyp that fayne wolde be nyce.

¶ *Sicut et nos dimittimus debytoribus nostris*—  
 As we do forgyue, Lorde, so let vs be forgyuen.  
 And than to her she dyd saye without mys,  
 Ye had a shrode fyt, by swete Saynt Steuen ; 100  
 Gossyp myn, how is it wyth you nowe,  
 What is your grefe, now I you pray ?  
 Yf I can ease you, by God anowe,  
 I wyll be redy both nyght and daye.

¶ *Et ne nos inducas in temptationem—*

Let vs fall into no temptacyon now.  
 With that the other reuyued then,  
 Ryght sore dysmayde ye me trow,  
 And to eche other they gan say :  
 Why be ye thus sad, my gossep dere?      110  
 Tell me the cause now, I you praye,  
 For yf it lay in me now I wil amende your chere.

¶ *Sed libera nos a malo—*delyuer vs from all yll,  
 Raggis and iaggis, this wyfe gan to reherse.  
 Yf I may not go gay I shall my selfe spyll,  
 I pray you, gossep dere, vnderstād well this verse;  
 My husbonde is harde to me bothe day and nyght,  
 And doth me not regarde, but let me go euē thus,  
 Not as other do, but as a wretched wyght,      119  
 But yet it shalbe mēded, I hope by swete Jesus.

¶ *Amen—*sayd the other, I pray God it be so,  
 For ye haue good ynought, this I do know well,  
 Of good marchaundyse, so mote I the,  
 As any is here in this countre to sell  
 For his degre, but he is afrayde  
 That he sholde passe his state or loke on hawt,  
 Than behynde your backes it shulde be sayd,  
 Yf he fore amys that it were all your fawt.

But cōpetenly take the thyrd peny of his gayne,  
 And bye therwith both kyrtell and gowne, 130  
 Than yet shall ye leaue hym alway twayne,  
 So do we most parte throughout the towne;  
 Or elles we shold neuer haue halfe our gayes  
 That we haue ywys, ye may be sure,  
 But properly thus we fynde the wayes,  
 With ringes and beedes to go full demure.

Rybandes of sylke, that be full longe and large,  
 With tryangles trymly made point deuyse,  
 For some folke it were full grete charge,  
 Therefore all thyng by mesure by myn aduyse;  
 But as for you ye may be bolde 141  
 To do somewhat more than other maye;  
 Yet it wold make your husbandes herte full colde,  
 If he so harde be and wretched as ye saye,

That he may not se you go as other do,  
 And haue it so well as he hath in store;  
 I wolde haue my fyne hoose, and eke my trym sho,  
 With other knackes many a score:  
 Yf I were as you be, I fayth I swere,  
 Somwhat sholde be solde y<sup>t</sup> he shold not knowe;  
 Ye haue to sell so dyuers gere 151  
 He can not know all, by God I trowe.

150      PROUDE WYUES PATER NOSTER.

Yet may I reioyce alway ywys,  
 For my husbonde is glad whan I go trym,  
 He wolde thynke I dyd full sore a mys  
 Yf I wente not fresshe by swete Saynt Sym ;  
 He doth reioyce in my gay gere  
 Whan he do se me put it on,  
 And wolde I shulde it often were,  
 For I shall haue newe whan myn is done.      160

O, good Lorde ! happy be ye  
 That haue so good a husbonde, by God in throne,  
 Among a hundreth ye shall not fynde thre  
 Of all our neyghbours that hath such a one ;  
 Yf God wolde that myne were as your is,  
 I wolde be as mery as byrde on brere,  
 But hys herte is so set on couetyse ywys  
 That he can neuer be of good chere,

And than causeth me often for to wepe ;  
 Whan I thynke on hys vnkyndenes so grete      170  
 I can not ete, nor drynke, nor slepe,  
 For grete heuynes my herte dothe bete ;  
 But throught your counsayle, my gossep dere,  
 I hoppe the better for to spede,  
 And for to go gayer another yere,  
 With myrth and ioye my lyfe to lede.

That I may be accepted with euery man  
 Whiche me beholdeth bothe ferre and nere,  
 Without your helpe no rede I can,  
 But by your good counsaile amende is my chere ;  
 Thys hole in you my hope I sete,  
 And without you I am but dede,  
 Lusty fresshe gere how I may gete,  
 And to go trym in lusty wede.

Well, gossep, than do after me,  
 And ye shall neuer repente ywys,  
 I swere to you by Mary so fre,  
 All shalbe well that nowe is amys :  
 Beware of one thinge, your tōgue go not to large,  
 And forbere your husbonde whan he is grame,  
 Speke neuer to hym of suche charge 191  
 With euyll mode, for that were shame.

Yf ye of hym wyll suche thynges haue  
 As ye desyre for to go gay,  
 With louynge countenaunce ye must it craue,  
 And with fayre wordes to hym say :  
 My husbonde dere, I you requyre  
 Take no displeasure with my worde,  
 Whatsoeuer of you I do desyre ;  
 But this must be done in bed or at borde. 200

My louely husbonde, my spouse most dere,  
 To you I must nedes talke my mone,  
 As reason requyreth ye be my fere,  
 And no body elles but you alone ;  
 Thus I must desyre you with all my herte  
 Take no dyspleasure whateuer I saye,  
 For yf ye do it wyll me smarte,  
 And for thought I shall dye, this is no nay.

Whan he this hereth, than he wyll muse  
 And meruell what your request wyll be ;      210  
 Yf he be gentyll he wyll not refuse  
 No reasonable thyng, I hope perde :  
 Ye shall than say, ye lacke that or this,  
 And begyn with that thyng y<sup>t</sup> ye haue most nede,  
 I dare say than, withouten mys,  
 The sooner of hym than ye shall spede.

With small tryfels ye must begyn  
 Of hym to get gay gere in store,  
 Or elles of hym ye shall nought wyn ;  
 And thus may ye dayly encrease      220  
 Of gorgyous gere grete plente to haue,  
 And all with his good wyll, for that is best ;  
 Yf ye it so get, so God me saue,  
 Than may ye were it with peas and rest.

Yf he do not gyue you than good comferte  
 Speke ye no more, but than be styll,  
 But streyght to his wares resorte,  
 And therof take ye what ye wyll ;  
 Yf he play the chorle, playe ye the same,  
 And let hym nat know no more of your mynde :  
 God gyue all chorles makyll shame, 231  
 That to theyr wyues be vnkynde.

Yf he be gentyll take noughe hym fro,  
 Lytell nor moch, whatsoeuer betyde,  
 For yf ye do it wyll tourne you to wo,  
 Than folke wyll say that it cometh of pride ;  
 Se what debate this folke haue nowe,  
 And all bycause the wyfe wolde go gay ;  
 I swere to you by God auowe,  
 Ye were better byde styll in your olde arraye. 240

Therfore beware, be not ratshe  
 To do or saye that shulde hym dysplease,  
 But yf he be churlysshe, gyue hym a dasshe,  
 Thoughe euer after it shulde hym dysease :  
 Amonge his wares spare not at all,  
 For halfe is yours as well as his,  
 Therfore as nowe counseyll I shall  
 Gyue vnto you by heuyns blysse :

V. 233. *noughe*—*nought* ?

154      PROUDE WYUES PATER NOSTER.

To do euen so, and be not afrayde,  
     For lefe nor locke, why chulde ye not,                      250  
 The faute wyll all to hym be layde,  
     Of any one that hereth that,  
 That he so chorlyshe to you is ay,  
     And wyll not be frendly as other be,  
 Grete shame of him than wyll they say,  
     So to be serued well worthy is he,

And worse, be god withouten fable,  
     Yf worse may be by any meane,  
 Consydrynge that he is not vnable,  
     It ought on you for to be sene,                      260  
 Somwhat better for very pure shame  
     Than it is now by reason and ryght;  
 For he is worthy to haue the blame  
     Yf he wyll be suche a wretched wyght.

He cannot haue to moch displeasure,  
     That hath a yonge wyfe and wyll not her trym;  
 I wysshe them care and sorow out of measure,  
     And specially them that be lyke vnto hym.  
 Myrrours of myschefe, we may them call,  
     That kepe theyr wyues so bare and poore;                      270  
 To many one it dothe befall  
     Through such menes to make a good wyfe a hore.



An hore! ye may it swere by God aboue,  
 They may be wretches that so do,  
 Which causeth theyr wyues to chose new loues,  
 Thought it sholde tourne them to great wo;  
 So vylaynus they be in euery where  
 Vnto theyr wyues in euery houre and tyde,  
 Yf theyr wyues do go ought trym in theyr gere,  
 They say they do it than for gret pryd. 280

And all this is but ialousy, God wote,  
 That thys doth cause, I know it well;  
 Hangeth be such husbondes by the throte,  
 Or elles the deuyll cary them away to hel,  
 That ialous be, eyther erly or late,  
 Vpon theyr good wyues that be so meke,  
 God sēde thē stryfe and euer debate,  
 And a vengeaūce vpon them both day and weke.

As for my husbonde I nede not to craue,  
 But fystes and staues, yf I wyll optayne, 290  
 Ynoughe of them I may soone haue,  
 Thus dare I not speake for feare of payne;  
 For no such thynges, but I knowe another,  
 I shall from hym stele both day and nyght;  
 I swere to you, by Goddes dere mother,  
 His bagges I hope to make full lyght.

Yf he may not se me than go gay,  
 I thynke not long to tary here,  
 But pryuele to gather what I may,  
 And chose me than another fere,  
 For I cannot lyue this in wretchednes,  
 I wyll leue hym bare ynow ;  
 It is to me great heuynes  
 To lede this lyfe, I make God auowe.

With that, all seruyce in the chyrch was done,  
 Then wyues homewarde dyd take the waye,  
 For fast it drewe than towarde none,  
 And so they departed, and adewe gan say.  
 Whan she came home, thys sory wyfe,  
 Her husbonde full mery there dyd she fynde, 310  
 She coulde no longer abyde for her lyfe,  
 But nedes vnto hym she must breke her mynde.

To proue whether he wolde be to her kynde  
 She gan him flatter after the newe guyse,  
 And soone her hert she gan vnbynde,  
 Sayenge to hym that in this wyse :  
 My spouse moost worthy, my husbonde dere,  
 I pray you take it for no grefe,  
 Whatsoeuer of you I do desyre,  
 But gyue my herte now some relefe, 320

As I hope ye wyll, and therto be glad,  
 And say me not nay, whatsoeuer befall,  
 And than for euer I must be sad,  
 Thus in your hande it doth lay all.

My truste is hole in you set,  
 So many wyues in thys parysshe be  
 That go full lustly and trym set,  
 A pleasure for theyr husbondes it is to se ;  
 And now methynke ye be well moued,  
 Wherefore the bolder I to you speke, 330  
 As to myne herte moost best beloued,  
 Or elles asonder myne herte wolde breke.

Desyrynge you with mynde and wyll  
 To gyue me now some goodly gay gere,  
 Some lusty newes my backe to hyll,  
 With gyrdelles and rynge for your loue to were ;  
 As other women do for theyr husbondes loue,  
 So let me do for yours I pray,  
 Than wyll ye bynde me myselfe to moue  
 Grete good of you alway to saye. 340

I am not able to performe your wyll,  
 In gyuyng to you that I not haue,  
 It is neyther reason, nor yet good skyll,  
 Suche thynges of me now for to craue ;

Ye se yourselfe that I do spare,  
 And with symple clothes that I do go,  
 Honesty wolde ye sholde helpe me care,  
 And lyke in parell that we sholde go.

Let vs lyue as we haue done ere,  
 And passe not our bownes in no degre      350  
 To put ourselfe in great daungere,  
 For your small pleasure it were great pite.  
 How cometh now such thynges in your mynde,  
 That ye desyre me to do such cost,  
 Ye spende your labour and wynde,  
 And all your wordes be but lost.

Alacke, good wyfe, were thys your wyll,  
 For to go gaye aboue your estate,  
 And wolde be glad to fulfyll  
 All your desyre yf it were not to late ;      360  
 But I am ferre behynde the hande,  
 As now, dere wyfe, more than I say,  
 An hundred pounce, ye shall vnderstande,  
 Within this moneth I must nedes pay.

Towarde the same, wyfe, I ne haue  
 Twenty pound, in syluer nor golde,  
 Which doth make, so God me saue,  
 Whan I theron thynke myn herte full colde :

Therefore, good wyfe, take therof no grefe,  
 For I am not able as the tyme requyre, 370  
 Excepte I sholde therof be a thefe,  
 And that I thynke ye wyll not desyre ;

For that were a shame, I tell you playne,  
 As well for you as it for me ;  
 With shame for my trespas I shode be slayne,  
 And hanged full hye vpon a tre ;  
 Than men wolde say, there hangeth a thefe,  
 Which wolde than full sore greue your herte ;  
 It is no nede for to acheue  
 A shamfull name that wolde vs cause to smarte.

Thus answerd she had, this good wyfe,  
 That her herte sonke into her hose,  
 And wery she was ryght sore of her lyfe,  
 But with her husbonde she dyd no more glose.  
 Sodeynly she set her handes on her syde,  
 And sayd : thou caytyfe, God gyue the wo ;  
 I tell the playne, it is for no pryde,  
 But onely with other wyfes for to go,

That was myn entent, and nothyng elle ;  
 But seyng it wyll no otherwyse be, 390  
 I shall make the a hode, and set it full of belles,  
 Which shalbe marked in all this countre.

Though euery man knew it, I set not a fyre,  
 And what I do now I ne care,  
 Within shorte whyle thou shalte well spye  
 That I make thy bagges full bare.

With that from the borde thys wyfe gan go,  
 And bad hym beware of her euyl wyll,  
 She sayd for euer she wolde be his fo,  
 And do her best hym for to spyll ;      400  
 Therto she wolde laboure both day and nyght,  
 With all the helpe that she coude make ;  
 And that she coude get with mayne and myght  
 Another sholde spende it for his sake.

The man was wroth herewith ywys,  
 And wondred full sore what his wyfe ayled,  
 He toke vp hys hande and hym dyd blys,  
 Wenynge to hym that her wyttes had fayled ;  
 But it was not so, on myschefe she was,  
 The deuyll hymselfe coude not her tourne,      410  
 Though he with staues her sholde haue bet,  
 Which made full sore his hert to mourne.

Than was he bewayled all in wo,  
 Ryght pteously he dyd complayne,  
 Thynkyng alway what hys wyfe myght do,  
 Hym thought for sorow his herte was slayne :

Bycause hys wyfe was set on rage,  
 What best was to do he hym bethought,  
 Her furyous anger to aswage,  
 Her mynde he perceyued was set to nought. 420

Fayne he wolde her let, this good honest man,  
 And kepe her in goodnes, as he had done ere :  
 Alas ! he sayd, no rede I can,  
 Of myne vndoynge I stande in feare ;  
 That she wyll me robbe by day and nyght,  
 Than farewell my ioye and my solas ;  
 Many a man hath wronge and moch vnright  
 Through theyr false wyues, alas ! alas !

And so am I lyke me doth thynke,  
 For such one is able a man to marre ; 430  
 For thought I can neyther ete nor drynke,  
 So sore is my hert set now in care ;  
 Yet wyll I not my selfe caste awaye,  
 Though she wyll be lewde and also bad,  
 With costly garmentes I wyl not ray,  
 For my destruction to make her glad.

I thynke she hath founde some vilaine knaue,  
 That wyll helpe her to cary away my store ;  
 Yet I trust that God wyll me saue,  
 And preserue me from her daunger for euer more :

And that his wyfe had ben there before  
 And spoyled all that she myght cary      490  
 Of shorte endes and money that he had in store,  
 No legger with him that she wolde vary.

Thus was the good man vndone for euer :  
 God gyue all such wyues care,  
 For after that day he saw her neuer,  
 But of his welth she made hym bare.  
 Now Jesu, that is heuen kynge,  
 Graūte all good wyues, that fayne wolde do well,  
 The ioyes of heuen at theyr endyngē,  
 And to be preserued from the paynes of hell. 500

Such *Pater noster* some wyues do say ;  
 Another were better for theyr soule helth,  
 As here doth folow so sholde ye pray,  
 And than ye sholde euer lyue in welth.



¶ Here after foloweth the golden Pater noster of  
Deborpon.

THE Father of heuen omnipotent,  
Of nought all this worlde dyd create ;  
In Paradyse he made Adam a pure innocent,  
And for his comforte Eue to hym was assocyte ;  
The serpent by fraude made them obstynate, 509  
Wherby they loste their mansyon, joye, and blysse,  
Tyll by thy mercy they were regenerate—  
*Pater noster qui es in celis.*

O blessed Lorde, of thy grete bouÿte and goodnesse,  
That sent thyne owne Sonne to be incarnate  
The orygynall synne of Adam to redresse  
By vertue of deth of Chryst immaculate ;  
Which is our brother by proue cartyfycate,  
And thou our father throughout Chrystendome,  
Wherfore let vs merely without debate  
Synge—*Sanctificetur nomen tuum.* 520

Chryst Jesu our kynge, and his mother dere,  
Be in our nede our socour and comforte,  
Oure soules from synne to preserue clere,  
That the flame of charyte in vs reorte ;

166      PROUDE WYUES PATER NOSTER.

To whom that we may resorte  
 With blysfyl armony bothe all and summe,  
 Swete Jesus for vs exhorte  
 That vnto us—*Adveniat regnum tuum.*

Infuse vs with grace, Lorde, in contynauce,  
 In euery malady, pouerty, and tribulacyon; 530  
 Perfite pacyence to kepe thy perseueraunce  
 For any wrongfull trouble or vexacyon,  
 That we without grudge or exclamacyon  
 Say and pray—*Fiat voluntas tua,*  
 Hygh and low thy myghti operacyon,  
 So be it *sicut in celo et in terra.*

Vpon Shore Thursday thy dyscyples thou fedde  
 In fourme of brede wyth thyne owne deite,  
 By vertue of the wordes of thy godhed  
 Bade them thyne owne body accipite, .540  
 And eate, which, for you berrayed shalbe,  
 A preseruatyf agaynst deth moost holsome,  
 Our peticyon, good Lorde—*da nobis hodye*  
 That same *panem nostrum cotidianum.*

Whan mortall sinne had vs deuoured,  
 And haue forgotten thy holy conuersacyon,  
 Yet let vs not vtterly be confounded  
 Whom thou demyd by thy byter passion,

But wasshe vs with penaunce by full contrycō,  
 Thou one and thre *trinitas sancta*, 550  
 Whan we requyre the by proclamacyon—  
*Et dimitte nobis debita nostra.*

Yf any creature hath vs offended  
 And trespasset, forgyue we all those,  
 That theyr offence may be amēded,  
 Our mercy and pyte to them dysclose.  
 That whan to God our passage purpose,  
 That of his mercy habounde y<sup>t</sup> we may not mys,  
 Forgyue vs, good Lorde, *sicut ut nos*  
*Dimittimus debitoribus nostris.* 560

Another peticion we aske our Father,  
 That we be not ouercome by temptation,  
 But we to Chryst, our owne broder,  
 Call for ayde, and obtayne remissyon,  
 And of our synnes clene to haue absolucyon,  
 By meryte of the bryght sterre of Bethleem,  
 To whom we pray with humble deuocyon—  
*Et ne nos inducas in temptacionem.*

The Father, the Sonne, and the Holy Ghost,  
 Thre persons vndeuyded, and one in essence, 570  
 Make in vs Trynitye by thy power moost,  
 Thy body, thy soule, thy godhed in presence ;

168      PROUDE WYUES PATER NOSTER.

So conserue vs here in thy absence

To vse well fyue, and obserue tenne,

That deedly synne combre not our conscyence—

*Sed libera nos a malo. Amen*

FINIS.

THE

**Wife lapped in Morels skin ;**

OR,

**The Taming of a Shrew.**

*Whether this poem (which is imitated from one of the early French fabliaux) preceded the original play of "Taming a Shrew," may not be considered as of much importance; yet I cannot but suspect, with much deference to the opinions of Dr. Farmer and Mr. Malone, that the mention made by Sir John Harrington, in his Metamorphosis of Ajax, refers to this poem, and not to the old play, and thus affording a strong proof of the popularity of the former. The earliest known edition of the play called the Taming of the Shrew, is that of 1607: however, another tract, with a similar title, was entered in the stationers' books to be printed in 1594, and which latter both the judicious critics above mentioned believe to be the piece alluded to in the Metamorphosis of Ajax. Now, although the entry above mentioned was made, it by no means follows that the book was printed, since it is very common to find entries made in the stationers' books, about that period, not followed up by publication of the articles; and in fact we have no knowledge of any play or other tract with this title, antecedent to the year 1607, being in existence, except the poem in question. And as this was printed by Hugh Jackson, who, according to Herbert, printed no book with a date later than 1590, it appears highly probable that the Metamorphosis of Ajax, which must have been printed anterior*

to August 1596, alluded to this poem in the passage wherein the writer says, "For the shrewd wife read the book of Taming a Shrew, which hath made a number of us so perfect, that now every one can rule a shrew, save he that hath her." (Ed. 1815. p. 95.) In this passage the word 'book' stands in Dr. Farmer's way, and he therefore combats the objection by alleging that that word, although it does not at present seem dramatick, was once technically so. Notwithstanding it appears to have been frequently used with such meaning, yet I must deny its general use, since we find the phrase adapted at the period in question to every description of composition: and it does not therefore seem necessary to have recourse to conjecture to ascertain the meaning of Harrington, when it can be so well attained by accepting the evidence which so obviously presents itself to us.

It has been conjectured by some, that the author has published his name at the end of the poem; I see no foundation for the supposition: the appellation of 'Charme-her,' there found, is evidently an ironical title, referring to the remedy found so effectual for Taming a Shrew.

This reprint is taken from a copy in 4to. printed by Hugh Jackson, in the Selden volume, already so frequently mentioned, but which unluckily wants the title-page and sig. A 4. A perfect copy is in the

*library of Mr. Heber, through whose friendly assistance I am enabled to supply the defective leaf.*

*There are several wood cuts throughout the volume, which have little or no connection with the text. It was in Captain Cox's collection.*



## The Wife lapped in Morels skin.



**L**YSTEN friendes, and holde you still  
Abide a while and dwell :  
A mery jest tell you I will,  
And how that it befell.  
As I went walking vpon a day,  
Among my friendes to sporte :  
To an house I tooke the way,  
To rest me for my comforte.

A greate feast was kepte there than,  
And many one, was thereat : 10  
With wyues and maydens, and many a good man,  
That made good game and chat.  
It befell then at that tyde  
An honest man was there :  
A cursed dame sate by his syde,  
That often did him dere.

His wife she was, I tell you playne,  
This dame ye may me trowe :  
To play the maister she would not layne  
And make her husband bowe. 20  
At euery word that she did speake,  
To be peace he was full fayne :  
Or else she would take him on the cheeke,  
Or put him to other payne.

When she did winke, he durste not stere,  
Nor play where euer he wente :  
With friend or neighbour to make good chere,  
Whan she her browes bente.  
These folke had two maydens fayre and free,  
Which were their daughters dere : 30  
This is true, beleeue you me,  
Of condicions, was none their pere.

The yongest was meeke, and gentle y wys,  
Her fathers condicion she had :  
The eldest her mothers withouten misse,  
Sometime franticke, and sometime mad.  
The father had his pleasure in the one alway,  
And glad he was her to behold :  
The mother in the other, this is no nay,  
For in all her curstnesse, she made her bolde. 40

And at the last she was in fay,  
As curste as her mother in word and deede,  
Her mischieuous pageauntes sometime to play,  
Which caused her fathers heart to bleede.  
For he was woe and nothing glad,  
And of her would fayne be rid :  
He wished to God that some man her had,  
But yet to maryage he durst her not bid.

Full many there came the yongest to haue,  
But her father was loth her to forgoe : 50  
None there came the eldest to craue,  
For feare it should turne them to woe.  
The father was loth any man to beguile,  
For he was true and iust withall :  
Yet there came one within a while,  
That her demaunded in the hall.

Another there came right soone also,  
The yongest to haue he would be fayne :  
Which made the fathers heart full woe,  
That he and the yongest should parte in twayne. 60  
But the mother was fell, and might her not see,  
Wherefore of her she would haue bene rid :  
The yong man full soone she graunted pardy,  
Greate golde and syluer, with her she bid.

Saying full soone, he would her haue,  
And wedded they were, shorte tale to make :  
The father sayd, so God me saue,  
For heauinesse and sorrowe, I tremble and quake.  
Also his hearte was in greate care,  
How he should bestowe the eldest y wys : 70  
Which should make his purse full bare,  
Of her he would be rid by heauens blisse.

As hap was that this yong man should  
Desyre the eldest withouten fayle :  
So maryage he sayd full fayne he would,  
That he might her haue for his auayle.  
The father said with wordes anon,  
Golde and syluer I would thee giue :  
If thou her marry, by sweete Saynt John,  
But thou shouldest repent it all thy liue. 80

She is conditioned, I tell thee playne,  
Moste like a fiend, this is no nay :  
Her mother doth teach her, withouten layne,  
To be mayster of her husband another day.  
If thou shouldest her marry, and with her not gree,  
Her mother thou shouldest haue alway in thy top :  
By night and day, that shouldest vex thee,  
Which sore would sticke, then in thy crop.

And I could not amend it, by God of might,  
For I dare not speake my selfe for my life : 90  
Sometime among be it wrong or right,  
I let her haue all for feare of strife.  
If I ought say, she doth me treat,  
Except I let her haue her will :  
As a childe that should be beate  
She will me charme, the deuill her kill.

Another thing thou must vnderstande,  
Her mother's good will thou must haue also :  
If she be thy friend, by sea or by lande,  
Amisse with thee, then can it not go. 100  
For she doth her loue with all her minde,  
And would not see her fare amisse :  
If thou to her dareleng could be kinde,  
Thou couldest not want, by heauens blisse.

If thou to the mother now wilt seeke,  
Behaue thy selfe then like a man :  
And shew thy selfe both humble and meeke,  
But when thou haste her, doe what thou can.  
Thou wotest what I sayd to thee before,  
I counsaile thee marke my wordes well : 110  
It were greate pittie, thou werte forlore,  
With such a deuillishe fende of hell.

I care not for that, the yong man sayd,  
If I can get the mothers good will :  
I would be glad to haue that mayde,  
Me thinketh she is withouten euell.  
Alas ! good man, I am sorry for thee,  
That thou wilt cast thy selfe away,  
Thou arte so gentle and so free :  
Thou shalt neuer tame her, I dare well say. 120

But I haue done, I will say no more,  
Therefore farewell, and goe thy way :  
Remember what I sayd to thee before,  
And beware of repentaunce another day.

¶ How the yong man departed from the Father, and sought to the Mother, for to haue the mayde to marriage.

Now is the yong man come to the dame,  
With countenaunce glad, and manners demure :  
Saying to her, God keepe you from blame,  
With your dere daughter, so fayre and pure.  
She welcommeth agayne the fayre yong man,  
And bid him come neare, gentle friende : 130  
Full curteously he thanked the good dame than,  
And thought her wordes full good and kinde.

Then he began, I shall you tell,  
Unto the mother thus to say,  
With wordes fayre that become him well,  
For her deare daughter thus to pray.  
Saying, good dame, now by your leaue,  
Take it for none euell though I come here :  
If you to me good leaue would giue, 139  
With you right fayne would I make good chere.

The dame sayd, syt downe, a while abyde,  
Good chere anon than will we make :  
My daughter shall sit downe by thy syde,  
I know well thou commest onely for her sake.

You say full true forsooth, sayd he,  
My minde is stedfastly on her set :  
To haue that mayde fayre and free,  
I would be fayne if I could her get.

The mother thanked him for his good will,  
That he her daughter so did desyre : 150  
Saying, I hope you come for none euell,  
But in good honesty, her to requyre.  
For if ye did, I will be playne,  
Right soone it should turne you vnto griefe :  
And also your comming I would disdayne,  
And bid you walke with a wylde mischief.

But surely I take you for none of those,  
Your condishons shew it in no wise :  
Wherefore me thinke you doe not glose,  
Nor I will not counsell you, by mine aduice. 160  
For I loue my daughter as my harte,  
And loth I were, I will be playne,  
To see her suffer payne and smarte,  
For if I did my harte were slayne.

If that thou shouldest another day  
My daughter haue, and her good will :  
Order her then vnto her pay,  
As reason requireth it is good skill.



In women sometime great wisdome is,  
And in men full little it is often seene : 170  
But she is wise withouten mis,  
From a yong child vp she hath so beene.

Therefore to her thou must audience giue,  
For thine owne profite when she doth speake :  
And than shalt thou in quiet liue,  
And much strife thus shalte thou breake.  
Howe sayest thou, yong man, what is thy minde,  
Wouldest thou her haue my doughter dere ?  
Than to her thou must be kinde,  
And alway ready to make her good chere. 180

For an C. li. of money haue thou shalte,  
Of syluer and eke of golde so round :  
With an C. quarters of corne and malte,  
And xl. acres of good ground.  
If thou wilt liue with her like a man,  
Thou shalte her haue, and this will I giue :  
And euer after while I can,  
Be thy good mother as long as I liue.

And I will speake to my daughter for thee,  
To know if it be her will also : 190  
If she be content, my daughter free,  
Then together may ye go.

The mother demaunded her daughter than,  
If that she could fynde in her minde,  
With all her harte to loue that yong man,  
So that he to her would be kinde.

She sayd yea, mother, as you will,  
So will I doe in worde and deede :  
I trust he commeth for none yll,  
Therefore the better may we speede. 200  
But I would haue one that hath some good,  
As well as I, good reason is :  
Me thinke he is a lusty blood,  
But gooddes there must be withouten misse.

The yong man was glad these wordes to here,  
And thanked the mother of her good will :  
Beholding the mayden with right mild cheare,  
And prayed her hartely to be still.  
Saying to her then in this wise,  
Mine heart, my love, my dearling deare : 210  
Take no displeasure of my enterprise,  
That I desyre to be your peare.

I am not riche of gold nor fee,  
Nor of greate marchandise, ye shall vnderstand :  
But a good crafte I haue pardee,  
To get our liuing in any land.

And in my heart I can well fynde,  
You for to loue aboue all other :  
For euermore to you to be kynde,  
And neuer forsake you for none other. 220

Lyke a woman I will you vse,  
And doe you honour, as ye should doe me :  
And for your sake all other refuse,  
As good reason is, it should so be.  
By my trouth, but well you say,  
And me thinke by your countenaunce ywis :  
That ye should not another day,  
For no cause deale with me amis.

And in you I hope pleasure to take,  
If ye would be gentle as ye should : 230  
And neuer none other for your sake,  
To marry for a M. pound of gold.  
But sometime ye must me a little forbear,  
For I am hasty, but it is soone done :  
In my fume I doe nothing feare,  
Whatsoever thereof to me becoms.

And I cannot refrayne me in no wise,  
For I haue it by nature a parte y wis : 240  
It was wonte to be my mothers guise,  
Sometime to be mayster withouten misse.

And so must I, by God, now and than,  
Or else I would thinke it should not be well;  
For though ye were neuer so good a man,  
Sometime among I will beare the bell.

And therefore tell me with word<sup>e</sup> playne,  
If ye can be pacient what time it is :  
To suffer with me a little payne,  
Though that you thinke I doe amisse. 250  
Or else say nay, and make a shorte ende,  
And soone we shall asonder departe :  
Then at your liberty you may hence wend,  
Yet I doe loue you with all my harte.

The yong man was glad of her loue in fay,  
But loth he was master her for to make :  
And bethought him what her father before did saye,  
When he on wooing his iorney did take.  
And so consented to all her will,  
When he aduised him what he should doe : 260  
He sayd, ye may me saue or spill,  
For ye haue my loue, sweete heart, and no moe.

The mother hearing this, for the father sente,  
Shewing to him what was befall :  
Wherewith he was right well content,  
Of their promises in generall.

Upon this greement they departed then,  
 To prepare all thinges for the feast :  
 Glad was the bride and her spouse then,  
 That they were come to this beheast. 270

¶ *Howe the Bryde was marped with her Father and  
 Mothers good will.*

THE day approched, the time drew neare,  
 That they should be wedded withouten misse :  
 The bryde was glad and made good cheare,  
 For she thought to make greate ioye and blisse.  
 As that day to tryumphe with games and sporte,  
 Among her friendes a rule to beare :  
 And eake with his friendes that thether should resorte,  
 Thinking that no body might be her peare.

The bridegrome was glad also in fay,  
 As man might be vpon the molde : 280  
 And to himselfe thus gan he say,  
 Now shall I receyue an heape of golde,  
 Of poundes many one, and much goods besyde,  
 To reioyce my sorrowes, and also my smarte :  
 I know not her peare in this country so wyde,  
 But yet I feare alway her proude harte.

She is so syb to the mother withouten fayle,  
Which hath no peare that I know :  
In all mischief she dare assayle,  
The boldest archer that shooteth in a bow. 290  
But no force I care not, I wote what I thinke,  
When we be wed and keepe house alone,  
For a small storme I may not shrinke,  
To run to my neighbour, to make my mone.

Soone to the church now were they brought,  
With all their friends them about :  
There to be maryed as they ought,  
And after them followed a full great rout,  
With them to offer as custome is,  
Among good neighboures it is alway seene : 300  
Full richly deckte withouten mis,  
And she thought her selfe, most likest a queene.

Incontinent when the masse was done,  
Homeward forsooth they tooke the way :  
There followeth after them right soone,  
Many a tall man and woman full gay.  
The fathers and mothers next of all,  
Vnto the bridgrome and bryde also :  
As to them then, it did befall,  
With them that tyde, so for to go. 310

¶ How the Bryde and her Friendes came from the  
Church, and were of the Brydegroome at their  
Feast honestly serued.

WHEN they came home the bordes were spread,  
The bride was set at the hye dysse :  
Euery one sayd, she had well sped,  
Of such a fayre husband as serued her mysse.  
The friendes sate about her, on euery syde,  
Each in their order, a good syght to see,  
The bryde in the middest, with much pryde,  
Full richely beseene, she was pardye.

The mother was right glad of this sight,  
And fast she did her daughter behold :                    320  
Thinking it was a pleasaunt wight,  
But alway her fathers heart was cold.  
When he remembred what might befall  
Of this yong daughter, that was so bold,  
He could nothing be merry at all,  
But moned the yong man full many a fold.

Beholde how often with countenaunce sad,  
Saying to himselfe, alas ! this day :  
This yong man proueth much worse then mad,  
That he hath marryed this cursed may.                    330

Where I haue counsayled him by heauens blisse  
That he should not meddle in no wise :  
Least he repented withouten misse,  
That euer he made this enterprise.

But seeing it is thus, selfe doe selfe haue,  
He is worse then mad that will him mone :  
For I will no more so God me saue,  
But God send him ioy, with my daughter Jone.  
She is as curste I dare well swere,  
And as angry y wis as euer was waspe : 340  
If he her anger she will him tere,  
And with her nayles also him claspe.

What auayleth it to say ought now,  
The deede is done, no remedy there is :  
Good cheare to make, I make God auowe,  
Is now the best withouten misse.  
For now is the time it should so be,  
To make good game and sporte in fay :  
In comforting all this company,  
That be assembled here this day. 350

The father and mother, were dilligent still,  
To welcome the friendes both more and lesse :  
The yong man did also his good will,  
To serue them well at euery messe.



Wherein the mother great pleasure tooke,  
And so did the father eake truly,  
The bride gaue a friendly looke,  
Casting on him a wanton eye.

Then was the brydegrome reioysed sore,  
Alway our Lord thanking of his great grace, 360  
Hauing in minde times many a score,  
That his bryde shewed him such a fayre place.  
The mynstrelles played at euery bord,  
The people therewith reioysed right well:  
Geuing the bridegrome their good word,  
And the bryde also that in bewty did excell.

The time past forth the dinner was done,  
The tables were taken vp all:  
The brydegroome welcommmed them euery ech one,  
That were there in the hall. 370  
They thanked him then and the bryde also,  
Of their greate cheare they had:  
And sware great othes so mote I go,  
They were neuer at feast so glad.

Nowe we will remember you or we depart,  
As vse and custome doth requyre:  
He thanked them with all his harte,  
So did both dame and syre.

The bryde to the table agayne was set,  
To keepe countenaunce than in deede : 380  
The friendes that were together met,  
Be gyfted them richely with right good speede.

The father and the mother fyrst began,  
To order them in this wise :  
The brydegrome was set by the brydes syde than,  
After the countrey guise.  
Then the father the fyrst present brought,  
And presented them there richly in fay,  
With deedes of his land in a boxe well wrought,  
And made them his heyres for aye. 390

He gaue them also of malte and corne,  
An hundred quarters and more :  
With sheepe and oxen, that bare large horne,  
To keepe for household store.  
And then came the mother as quick as a bee,  
To the brydegrome with wordes smart :  
Saying sonne so mote I thee,  
I must open to thee my harte.

She gaue them also both carte and plow,  
And bid them alway to doe well : 400  
And God should send them good ynow,  
If they did marke, what she did tell.

Before the people in this hall,  
I will say and to thee rehearse :  
An hundred pound now geue thee I shall,  
But harken fyrst vnto my vearse.

Thou haste here my daughter deare,  
A pleasaunt thing it is :  
In all the countrey I know not her peare,  
So haue I parte of blisse. 410  
For she is wyse and fayre with all,  
And will nothing cast away :  
I trow there be now none in this hall,  
That better can saue all thing in fay.

Nor better doth know what doth behoue,  
Vnto an house or huswiuery,  
Then she doth, which causeth me to moue  
This matter to thee so busily.  
She can carde, she can spin,  
She can thresh, and she can fan : 420  
She can helpe thee good to win,  
For to keepe thee like a man.

And here is an hundred pound in golde,  
To set thee vp, thy crafte to vse :  
Wherefore I am playne I would thou should,  
In no maner of wise thy selfe abuse.

To striue with my daughter or her to intreate,  
For any thing that she shall doe,  
Here after my child, therefore to beate,  
It should turne playnely, to thy greate woe. . 430

O my deare mother, take no displeasure,  
Till you haue cause what so befall,  
But vse your selfe alwaye by measure,  
For other cause none haue you shall.  
My wyfe and I full well shall gree,  
I trust to God in throne :  
She is my loue and euer shall be,  
And none but she alone.

O my deare sonne thou makest me glad,  
Which before was full of sorrowe : 440  
For my deare daughter, I was full sad,  
But now I say our Lord to borrow.  
Thou geuest me good comfort, now fare wel care,  
Here is thy hundred pound,  
I pray God geue thee well to fare,  
And kepe thee whole and sound.

I thanke you dere mother the yong man sayd  
Of your good gifte and daughter deare :  
Me thinkes she is the worthiest mayde,  
In all this lande withouten peare. 450

I hoape to liue with her alway,  
So gentelly that she shall fynde,  
And you, her mother, I dare well say,  
In euery season gentle and kynde.

The people standing them to behold,  
Regarded the wordes of the brydegrome than,  
And sayd he aunswered with wordes cold,  
Which become full well the good yong man.  
And then they prest forth ech after other,  
With golde and syluer, and riche giftes eake : 460  
And many a scorne they gaue the mother,  
But euer they praysed the yong man meeke.

To whome he gaue thanks with all his mighte,  
As honesty requyred him to doe :  
He ordred himselfe alway aright,  
Yet they thought all he should haue woe.  
For he was matched so ywys,  
That he could not wante for sorrow in fay,  
But alway hampred withouten misse,  
Of mother and daughter, for euer and aye. 470

When all was done they gan depart,  
And tooke their leaue full friendly thoe :  
Thanking ech other with all their harte,  
And on their way home they gan go.

The father and mother thanked them all,  
The bryde and brydegrome, also without mis,  
Did thanke the company in generall,  
Departing from them with ioy and blisse.

Then they went home while it was day,  
And lefte the bryde and brydegrome there, 480  
And they that did abide there in good fay,  
They made at euen agayne good cheare.  
And after supper they did make good sporte,  
With dauncing and springing as was the vse :  
Yong people by other there did resorte,  
To no mans hynder nor confuse.

After that all sportes were ended and done,  
And that the bryde should goe to bed,  
Aboute the hall they daunced soone,  
And suddaynly away the bryde was led, 490  
To take her rest with her dere spouse,  
As reason would it should so be :  
Euen as the cat, was wonte with the mouse,  
To play, forsoth euen so did he.

The next morning if that ye will heare,  
The mother did come to their bedsyde,  
Demaunding them what was their cheare,  
And the bryde began her head to hyde.

Saying to her as one ashamed,  
I wys deare mother I would ye were gone : 500  
Or ye came heare I was not blamed,  
For being in his armes heare all alone.

Myne own deare daughter, be not displeased  
Though I doe let you of your disport :  
I would be loath ye were diseased,  
But you shall haue a cawdell for your comforte.  
A while I will goe and let you alone,  
Till ye be ready for to ryse.  
And sodaynely the mother was from them gone  
To make the cawdell after the best wise. 510

When that the mother departed was,  
The dallyed togither and had good game,  
He hit her awry; she cryed alas!  
What doe ye man, hold vp for shame.  
I will sweete wife, then gan he say,  
Fulfill your mynde, both loud and still :  
But ye be able I sweare in fay,  
In all sportes to abide my will.

And they wrestled, so long beforne,  
That this they had, for their greate meade : 520  
Both shyrt and smock was all to torne,  
That their vprysyng had no speede.

But yet the mother came agayne,  
And sayd to her daughter, how doest thou nowe?  
Mary mother, betwene vs twayne,  
Our shyrtes be torne, I make God auowe.

By Gods dere mother she sware than,  
This order with vs may not continue :  
I will no more lye by this man,  
For he doth me brast both vayne and sinew.      530  
Nay, nay, deare mother, this world goeth on wheelles,  
By sweete Saynt George ye may me trowe :  
He lyeth kicking with his heeles,  
That he is like to beare me a blow.

My owne deare daughter if thy smock be asonder,  
Another thou shalte haue then by this light :  
I pray thee hartely doe thou not wonder,  
For so was I dealt with the fyrst night.  
That I by thy father lay, by the roode,  
And I doe thee, with wordes playne :      540  
Me thought neuer night to me so good,  
As that same was, when I tooke such payne.

Why mother were ye then glad  
To be thus delt with as I am now ?  
Me thinke my husband worse then mad,  
For he doth exceede, I make God auow ;



I could not lye still, nor no rest take,  
 Of all this night, beleue ye me :  
 Sometime on my syde, and sometime on my backe,  
 He rolde and layd me, so mote I thee. 550

And from the beds head vnto the beds feete,  
 A cloth we had not, vs for to decke,  
 Neyther our couerlet, nor yet our sheete,  
 That I pray God the deuell him checke.  
 For I am ashamed, my mother deare,  
 Of this nightes rest, by God in throne :  
 Before our friendes I dare not appeare,  
 Would to Gods passion, I had layne alone.

Nay, nay, deare daughter, be not ashamed,  
 For here is nothing done amis : 560  
 They be more worthy to be blamed,  
 That hereof thinketh shame y wys.  
 For this is honesty for thee and vs all,  
 And a new smock I will thee fet :  
 And eke for thee my sonne I shall,  
 For thy true laboure a new shyрте get.

And soone of these, they were both sped,  
 The daughter and eake the sonne also :  
 Full quickly they rose out of their bed,  
 And with their mother they gan go 570

*V. 550. mote I thee—so must I tell thee.*

Abroade, among their friendes all,  
Which bid them good lucke, and eake good grace :  
The cawdell was ready there in the hall,  
With myrth and glee for their solace.

Thus ended the feaſt with ſporte and play,  
And all their friendes each with other :  
Did take their leaue and went their way,  
From bryde, and brydegrome, with father and mother ;  
Which right hartely did thanke them tho,  
So did the bryde, and brydegrome eke : 580  
Yet when the friendes were all ago,  
This yong folke abode with the mother all the weeke.

The father was glad to ſee them agree,  
So was the mother, by heauen queene :  
And ſayd eche to other, ſo mote I thee,  
I thought not ſo well it ſhould haue beene  
Betweene them twayne as itis now ;  
And therefore alone here ſhall they bide :  
We will leaue them all, I make God auowe,  
And go to dwell in our houſe harde beſide. 590

At ſhorte conſuſyon they went their way,  
Leuing their children all that was there :  
And come not agayne of many a day,  
For their deare daughter to inquire.

Thus they bode together than ;  
He set vp his shop with haberdash ware,  
As one that would be a thriuing man,  
To get great goods for his welfare.

And after that he tooke greate payne,  
To order his plowes and cattell also : 600  
He kepte both boye and also swayne,  
That to the carte and plow did goe.  
And some kepte neate, and some kept sheepe,  
Some did one thing, some did another,  
But when they came home to haue their meate,  
The wife played the deuell then, like her mother.

With countenaunce grim, and wordes smart,  
She gaue them meate, and bad them brast :  
The pore folke that come from plow and carte,  
Of her lewde wordes they were agast. 610  
Saying eche to other, what dame is this ?  
The deuill I trow hath brought vs here :  
Our mayster shall know it by heauens blisse,  
That we will not serue him another yeare.

The good man was fourth in the towne abroade,  
About other thinges, I you say,  
When he came homewarde he met with a goade,  
One of his carters was going away ;

To whome he sayde: Lob, whether goest thou?  
The carter spyde his master than, 620  
And sayd to him, I make God auow,  
No longer with thy wife abide I can.

Mayster, he sayd, by Gods blist,  
Our dame is the deuell, thou mayst me beleene:  
If thou haue sought her, thou haste not miste,  
Of one that full often thee shall greeue.  
By God a man thou canst not haue  
To go to carte, ne yet to plow:  
Neyther boy, nor yet knaue,  
By Gods deare mother I make God auow, 630

That will bide with thee day or night,  
Our dame is not for vs, for she doth curse:  
When we shall eate or drinke with right,  
She bannes and frownes, that we be all the worse.  
We be not vsed where euer we wende,  
To be sorely looked on, for eating of our meat:  
The deuell I trow vs to thee send,  
God helpe vs a better maystres to get.

Come on thy way Lob, and turne agayne,  
Go home with me and all shall be well: 640  
An ox for my meyny shall be slayne,  
And the hyde at the market I will sell.

Upon this together home they went,  
The good man was angry in his minde :  
But yet to his wife, with good intent,  
He sayd, sweete heart, you be vnkinde.

Entreate our meyny well alway,  
And geue them meate and drinke ynough :  
For they get our liuing euery day,  
And theirs also, at carte and plough. 650  
Therefore I would that they should haue  
Meate and drinke to their behoue :  
For, my sweete wife, so God me saue,  
Ye will doe so, if ye me loue.

Gyue them what thou wilt, I doe not care,  
By day nor night, man, beleeue thou me :  
What euer they haue, or how they fare,  
I pray God euell mote they thee.  
And specially that horeson that doth complayne,  
I will quite him once if euer I liue, 660  
I will dash the knaue vpon the brayne,  
That euer after it shall him greeue.

What ! my deare wife, forshame, be still,  
This is a payne such wordes to heare :  
We can not alwayes haue our will,  
Though that we were a kinges pere.

For to shame a knaue what can they get?—  
 Thou arte as lewde for God as they :  
 And therefore shalt thou serue them of meate,  
 And drinke also, from hence alway. 670

What! wife, ye be to blame,  
 To speake to me thus in this wise :  
 If we should striue, folke woud speake shame,  
 Therefore be still in mine aduise.  
 I am loth with you to striue,  
 For ought that you shall doe or say :  
 I sweare to Christ, wife, by my liue,  
 I had rather take Morell, and ryde my way,

To seeke mine aduenture till your moode be past :  
 I say to you these manners be not good, 680  
 Therefore I pray you that this be the last,  
 Of your furious anger that semeth so wood.  
 What can it auayle you me for to greeue,  
 That loueth you so well as I doe mine harte ?  
 By my trouth, wife, you may me beleuee,  
 Such toyes as these be, would make vs both smarte.

Smarte in the twenty fayning deuelles name !  
 That liste me once well for to see :  
 I pray God geue the euell shame,  
 What shouldest thou be, werte not for me ? 690

A ragge on thine a—se thou shouldest not haue,  
 Excepte my friendes had geuen it thee :  
 Therefore I tell thee well, thou drunken knaue,  
 Thou arte not he that shall rule me.

O, good wife, cease and let this ouerpasse,  
 For all your great anger and hye wordes eake,  
 I am mine owne selfe euen as I was,  
 And to you will be louing, and also meeke.  
 But if ye should doe thus, as ye doe begin,  
 It may not continue no time ywys : 700  
 I would not let for kyth nor kin,  
 To make you mend, all thinges that is amys.

Make me ! mary out vpon the dreuill,  
 Sayest thou that, wilte thou beginne ?  
 I pray God and our lady, that a foule euill  
 Lyghten vpon thee and all thy kinne.  
 By Gods deare blest, vex me no more,  
 For if thou doe thou shalte repente ;  
 I haue yet somewhat for thee in store :  
 And with that a staffe in her hand she hent. 710

At him full soone then she let flee,  
 And whorled about her as it had bene a man :  
 Her husband then was fayne perdy  
 To voyde her stroake, and goe his way than.

V. 703. *dreuill*—Qu. *devil*?

By Gods deare mother, then gan she sweare,  
From henceforth I will make thee bow ;  
For I will trim thee in thy geare,  
Or else I would I were cald a sow.

Fye on all wretches that be like thee,  
In word or worke both lowde and still, 720  
I sweare by him that made man free,  
Of me thou shalte not haue thy will.  
Now nor neuer, I tell thee playne,  
For I will haue golde and riches ynow,  
When thou shalte goe iagged as a simple swain,  
With whip in hande at carte and plough.

Of that, my deare wife, I take no scorne,  
For many a goodman with minde and harte  
Hath gone to plough and carte beforne  
My tyme y wys, with payne and smarte, 730  
Which now be rich, and haue good at will,  
Being at home, and make good cheare ;  
And there they intend to leade their life still,  
Till our Lord doe sende for them heare.

But now I must ryde a little way,  
Deare wife, I will come right soone agayne :  
Appoynt our dinner, I you pray,  
For I doe take on me great payne.



I doe my best, I sweare by my life,  
 To order you like a woman y wys ; 740  
 And yet it cannot be withouten strife,  
 Through your lewde tongue, by heauens blisse.

Ryde to the deuell, and to his dame,  
 I would I should thee neuer see ;  
 I pray God send thee mickle shame,  
 In any place, where euer thou be.  
 Thou wouldest fayne the mayster play,  
 But thou shalte not, by God I make thee sure :  
 I sweare I will thy peticote pay,  
 That long with me thou shalte not endure. 750

¶ How the good man rode his way till he thoughte  
 her anger was past, and then he retourned home  
 agayne.

THE good man was sorry, and wente his way  
 About his busynes, as he was vsed,  
 And to himselfe thus gan he say :  
 Lord God, how was I thus abused !  
 When I tooke this wife I was worse then mad,  
 And yet can I blame my selfe and none other,  
 Which maketh me sigh and often be sad,  
 Repenting full sore by Gods deare mother.

Fye vpon goods withouten pleasure,  
Betweene man and wife that cannot agree ; 760  
It is a payne far passing measure,  
Such stryfe to see where as loue should be.  
For there was neuer man y wys  
So hampred with one wife as I am now,  
Wherefore I thinke withouten misse  
She shall repent it, I make God auow.

Except she turne and change her minde,  
And eake her conditions euerichone,  
She shall fynde me to her so vnkinde,  
That I shall her coyle both backe and bone, 770  
And make her blew and also blacke,  
That she shall grone agayne for woe ;  
I will make her bones all to cracke,  
Without that she her condicions forgoe.

I was neuer so vexte this time beforne  
As I am now of this wife alone ;  
A vengeaunce on her that euer she was borne,  
For she maketh me often full woe begon :  
And I cannot tell where me to tourne  
Nor me to wende, by God in faye, 780  
Which cause me often for to mourne,  
Or yet to know what for to say.

I am worse then mad or wood,  
And yet I am loth with her to begin ;  
I feare me I shall neuer make her good,  
Except I do wrap her in black Morels skin,  
That can no more drawe at plough ne carte ;  
It shall be to late to call for her kinne,  
When she beginneth once for to smarte,  
For little ease thereby she shall winne. 790

Morell is olde, he can labour no more,  
Nor doe no good but alway eate ;  
I trowe I haue kept him thus long in store,  
To worke a charme that shall be feate.  
The horeson is blynde and lame also,  
Behynde and before, he cannot stere ;  
When he from the stable to the streete should go,  
He falleth downe ryght than in the myre.

Yet I am loth him for to kyll,  
For he hath done me good seruice or nowe ; 800  
But if my wyfe fulfyll not my wyll,  
I must him flea, by God I trowe.  
But at thys poynt nowe will I be,  
I wyll be mayster, as it is reason,  
And make her subiect vnto me,  
For she must learne a newe lesson.

Her father did warne me of this beforne,  
How I should it finde in euery degree,  
But I did take it for halfe a scorne,  
And would not beleue him then perdee. 810  
But now I perceauē it very well  
He did it for good will y wis ;  
Wherefore I thinke that Morels fell  
Must mend all thing that is amis.

Thus he that will not beleue his friend,  
As her deare father was vnto me,  
He is worthy for to fynde  
Alway greate payne and misery.  
But I may not choose him to beleue,  
For the deede doth proue himselfe in fay ; 820  
Euer she is redy me for to greeue,  
And thinkes to continue so alway.

But now I will home to proue her minde,  
And see what welcome I shall haue ;  
She may be to me so vnkinde  
That she shall repent it, so God me saue :  
For if I should of her complayne,  
Folke would me mock, and giue me scorne,  
And say, I were worthy of this payne,  
Because it was shewed me so well beforne. 830

**¶** ~~How~~ the goodman was welcommed when he returned  
home agayne.

THE good man came ryding to the gate,  
And knocked as he had bene wode ;  
His seruauent right soone did meete him thereat,  
And bid him welcome with right milde moode.  
The mayster sayd, what doth my dame now,  
Is she as frantick yet as she was ?  
Than will I tame her, I make God auow,  
And make her sing full loude alas.

Where arte thou, wife ? shall I haue any meate,  
Or am I not so welcome vnto thee, 840  
That at my commaundement I shall ought get,  
I pray thee hartely soone tell thou me.  
If thou doe not serue me, and that anon,  
I shall thee shew mine anger y wis :  
I sweare by God, and by Saynt John,  
Thy bones will I swaddle, so haue I blisse.

Forth she came, as brym a bore,  
And like a dog she rated him than,  
Saying thus : I set no store  
By thee, thou wretch, thou arte no man : 850

V. 847. Qu. as omitted.

Get thee hence out of my sight,  
 For meate nor drinke thou gettest none here ;  
 I sweare to thee by Mary bright,  
 Of me thou gettest here no good cheare.

Well, wyfe, he sayd, thou doste me compell  
 To doe that thing that I were loath :  
 If I bereaue Morell of his old fell,  
 Thou shalte repente it by the fayth now goath,  
 For I see well that it will no better be,  
 But in it thou must, after the new guyse : 860  
 It had bene better, so mote I thee,  
 That thou haddest not begon this enterpryse.

¶ How the good man caused Morell to be flayn, and  
 the hyde salted, to lay his wife therein to sleepe.

Now will I begin my wife to tame,  
 That all the world shall it know ;  
 I would be loth her for to shame,  
 Though she do not care, ye may me trow :  
 Yet will I her honesty regard,  
 And it preserue, where euer ye may,  
 But Morell, that is in yonder yarde,  
 His hyde therefore he must leese in fay. 870

And so he commaunded anon  
To slea old Morell, his great horse ;  
And flea him then the skin from the bone,  
To wrap it about his wiues white coarse.  
Also he commaunded of a byrchen tree  
Roddes to be made a good great heape ;  
And sware by deare God in Trinity,  
His wife in his seller shold skip and leape.

The hyde must be salted, then he sayd eake,  
Bycause I would not haue it stinke ; 880  
I hope herewith she will be meeke,  
For this I trow will make her shrinke,  
And bow at my pleasure, when I her bed,  
And obay my commaundements both loude and still ;  
Or else I will make her body bleede,  
And with sharp rodde beate her my fill.

Anon with that to her he gan to call ;  
She bid abide in the diuelles name ;  
I will not come what so befall,  
Sit still with sorrow and mickle shame. 890  
Thou shalte not rule me as pleaseth thee,  
I will well thou know by Gods deare mother,  
But thou shalt be ruled alway by me,  
And I will be mayster, and none other.

Wilte thou be mayster, deare wife, in fay ?  
Then must we wrestle for the best game ;  
If thou it win, then may I say,  
That I haue done my selfe greate shame.  
But fyrst I will make thee sweate good Jone,  
Redde blood euen to the heeles adowne, 900  
And lappe thee in Morels skin alone,  
That the blood shall be seene euen from the crowne.

Sayest thou me that, thou wretched knaue ?  
It were better thou haddest me neuer seene ;  
I sweare to thee, so God me saue,  
With my nayles I will scratch out both thine eyen,  
And therefore thinke not to touch me once,  
For by the masse if thou begin that,  
Thou shalte be handled for the nonce,  
That all thy braynes on the ground shall squat. 910

Why then there is no remedy I see,  
But needes I must doe euen as I thought,  
Seing it will none other wise be,  
I will thee not spare, by God that me bought ;  
For now I am set thee for to charme,  
And make thee meeke by Gods might,  
Or else with roddes, while thou arte warme,  
I shall thee scourge with reason and right.



**I How good Morels skin,  
 Receiue my curst wife in.**

**I How the curst wife in Morels skin lay,  
 Because she would not her husband obay.**

Now will I my sweete wife trim,  
 According as she deserueth to me : 920  
 I sweare by God, and by Saynt Sim,  
 With byrchen roddes well beate shall she be,  
 And after that in Morels salte skin  
 I will her lay, and full faste binde,  
 That all her friendes, and eake her kyn,  
 Shall her long seeke or they her fynde.

Then he her met, and to her gan say,  
 How sayest thou, wife, wylte thou be mayster yet ?  
 She sware by Gods body, and by that day,  
 And sodaynly with her fyst she did him hit, 930  
 And defyed him dreuill at euery worde,  
 Saying, precious horesone, what doest thou thinke,  
 I set not by thee a stinking t—de,  
 Thou shalt get of me neyther meate nor drinke.

V. 931. *dreuill*—See ante, p. 203.

Sayest thou me that wyfe ? quoth he than ;  
With that in his armes he gan her catche,  
Streight to the seller with her he ran,  
And fastened the dore with locke and latche,  
And threwe the key downe him besyde,  
Askyng her than if she would obay ? 940  
Than she sayde nay, for all thy pryde,  
But she was mayster, and would abyde alway.

Then, quoth he, we must make a fraye,  
And with that her cloths he gan to teare.  
Out vpon thee, horesone, than she did saye,  
Wilte thou robbe me of all my geare ?  
It cost thee naught, thou arrant theefe :  
And quickly she gat hym by the heade,  
With that she sayde, God giue thee a mischief,  
And them that fed thee fyrst with breade. 950

They wrestled togyther thus they two,  
So long that the clothes asunder went,  
And to the grounde he threwe her tho,  
That cleane from the backe her smock he rent.  
In euery hand a rod he gate,  
And layd vpon her a right good pace ;  
Asking of her what game was that,  
And she cryed out horeson, alas ! alas !

What wylte thou doe, wylte thou kill me ?

I haue made thee a man of nought :

960

Thou shalte repente it, by Gods pittie,

That euer this deede thou haste y wrought.

I care not for that, dame, he did say,

Thou shalt giue ouer or we departe

The maystership all, or all this day

I will not cease to make thee smarte.

Euer he layde on, and euer she did crye,

Alas ! alas ! that euer I was borne ;

Out vpon thee, murderer, I thee defye,

Thou hast my white skin, and my body all to torne :

Leaue of betyme, I counsaile thee.

971

Nay, by God, dame, I saye not so yet,

I sweare to thee, by Mary so free,

We begyn but nowe, this is the first fyt.

Once agayne we must daunce about,

And then thou shalt reast in Morels skyn ;

He gaue her than so many a great cloute,

That on the grounde the bloud was seene.

Within a whyle, he cryed newe roddes, newe !

With that she cryed full loude alas !

980

Daunce yet about, dame, thou came not where it grewe,

And sodainely with that in a sowne she was.

He spyed that, and vp he her hente,  
And wrang her harde then by the nose :  
With her to Morels skin straight he wente,  
And therein full faste he did her close.  
Within a while she did reuiue,  
Through the grose salte that did her smarte ;  
She thought she should neuer haue gone on liue  
Out of Morels skin, so sore is her harte. 990

When she did spy that therein she lay,  
Out of her wit she was full nye,  
And to her husband then did she say,  
How canst thou doe this vilany ?  
Nay, how sayest thou, thou cursed wife,  
In this foule skin I will thee keepe  
During the time of all thy life,  
Therein for euer to wayle and weepe.

With that her moode began to sinke,  
And sayd, deare husband, for grace I call ; 1000  
For I shall neuer sleepe nor winke  
Till I get your loue, whatso befall ;  
And I will neuer to you offend,  
In no maner of wise, of all my lyue ;  
Nor to doe nothing that may pretend  
To displease you with my wittes fyue.

For father, nor mother, whatsoeuer they say,  
I will not anger you, by God in throne ;  
But glad will your commaundementes obay,  
In presence of people, and eake alone.— 1010  
Well, on that condicion thou shalt haue  
Grace, and fayre bed to reste thy body in ;  
But if thou rage more, so God me saue,  
I will wrap thee agayne in Morels skin.

Then he tooke her out in his armes twayne,  
And beheld her so pitteously with blood arayed :  
How thinkest thou, wife, shall we agayne  
Haue such businesse more ? to her he sayd.  
She aunswered nay, my husband deare,  
Whyle I you know, and you know me, 1020  
Your commaundementes I will, both far and neare,  
Fulfill alway in euery degree.

Well then, I promise thee, by God, euen now,  
Betweene thee and mee shall neuer be strife ;  
If thou to my commaundementes quickly bow,  
I will thee cherish all the dayes of my life.  
In bed she was layde, and healed full soone,  
As fayre and cleare as she was beforne ;  
What he' her bid was quickly done,  
To be dilligent y wys she tooke no scorne. 1030

Then was he glad, and thought in his minde,  
 Now haue I done my selfe great good,  
 And her also, we shall it finde,  
 Though I haue shed parte of her blood ;  
 For as me thinke she will be meeke,  
 Therefore I will her father and mother  
 Byd to guest, now the next weeke,  
 And of our neighboures many other.

¶ ~~Howe~~ the good man did byd her father and mother  
 to guest, and many of his neyghbours, that they  
 might see his wifes pacpence.

GREAT payne he made his wife to take,  
 Agaynst the day that they should come ;                    1040  
 Of them was none that there did lack,  
 I dare wel say vnto my doome.  
 Ye, father and mother, and neighbours all,  
 Dyd thether come to make good cheare ;  
 Soone they were set in generall,  
 The wyfe was dilligent as did appeare.

Father and mother was welcome then,  
 And so were they all in good fay :  
 'The husband sate there like a man,  
 The wyfe did serue them all that day ;                    1050

The good man commaunded what he would haue,  
 The wyfe was quick at hand.  
 What now ! thought the mother, this arrant knaue  
 Is mayster as I vnderstand.

What may this meane, then she gan thinke,  
 That my daughter so dilligent is ;  
 Now can I nother eate nor drinke,  
 Till I it know by heauen blisse.  
 When her daughter came agayne  
 To serue at the borde, as her husband bad, 1060  
 The mother stared with her eyen twayne,  
 Euen as one that had ben mad.

All the folke that at the boord sate,  
 Did her behold then euerichone ;  
 The mother from the boord her gate,  
 Following her daughter, and that anone,  
 And in the kitching she her fand,  
 Saying vnto her in this wise :  
 Daughter, thou shalte well vnderstand,  
 I did not teach thee after this guyse. 1070

A, good mother, ye say full well,  
 All thinges with me is not as ye weene,  
 If ye had bene in Morels fell  
 As well as I, it should be seene.

V. 1067. *fand—found.*

In Morels fell! what deuill is that?  
Mary, mother, I will it you show;  
But beware that you come not thereat,  
Lest you your selfe then doe beshrew.

Come downe now in this seller so deepe,  
And Morels skin there shall you see, 1080  
With many a rod that hath made me to weepe,  
When the blood ranne downe fast by my knee.  
The mother this beheld, and cryed out alas!  
And ran out of the seller as she had bene wood;  
She came to the table where the company was,  
And sayd, out, horeson, I will see thy harte blood.

Peace, good mother, or so haue I blisse,  
Ye must daunce else as dyd my wyfe,  
And in Morels skin lye, that well salted is, 1089  
Which you should repent all the dayes of your lyfe.  
All they that were there held with the yong man,  
And sayd, he dyd well in euery maner degree:  
Whan dynner was done, they departed all than,  
The mother no lenger durst there be.

The father abode last, and was full glad,  
And gaue his children his blessing ywys,  
Saying, the yong man full well done had,  
And merely departed wythouten mys.



This yong man was glad ye may be sure,  
That he had brought hys wyfe to this ; 1100  
God gyue vs all grace in rest to indure,  
And hereafter to come vnto his blisse.

Thus was Morell flayne out of his skin,  
To charme a shrew, so haue I blisse ;  
Forgeue the yongman if he did sin,  
But I thinke he did nothing amisse,  
He did all thing euen for the best,  
As was well prooued then ;  
God saue our wiues from Morels nest,  
I pray you say all, Amen. 1110

Thus endeth the iest of Morels skin,  
Where the curst wife was lapped in ;  
Because she was of a shrewde leere,  
Thus was she serued in this maner.

FINIS, QUOTH MAYSTER CHARME HER.

---

He that can charme a shrewde wyfe  
Better than thus,  
Let him come to me, and fetch ten pound,  
And a golden purse.

THE END.



## GLOSSARY.

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**ABEDE**, *vol. 1, p. 21, l. 374, remained.*

**Abject**, *v. to cast away.*

**Aby**, *abide.*

**Abye**, *to suffer for.*

**Adradde**, *afraid.*

**Aduouterers**, *adulterers.*

**Ago**, *gone away.*

**Algate**, *always.*

**Ameaunt**, *adamant?*

**Anowe**, *now, presently.*

**Apayde**, *contented.*

**Arizhte?** *vol. 1, p. 166, l. 129.*

**Assaye**, *attack, to make trial.*

**Assoyle**, *absolve.*

**Astire?** *vol. 2. p. 78, l. 629.*

**Atent**, *vol. 1, p. 187, l. 617, intervention?*

**Atwin**, *asunder.*

VOL. II.

a

Auayle, *profit*.

Aye, *always*.

Auysed, *looked at, viewed*.

Bales, vol. 1, p. 177, l. 379, *miseries*. Bales bredd,  
*wretchedness complete*.

Band, *execrate*.

Bannes, *curses*.

Barne, *lap*.

Bast, *kist?* from the Fr. *baiser*.

Basynet, *a helmet, made in the form of a basin*.

Bate, *debate, quarrel*.

Battes, *clubs*.

Beheast, *promise*.

Behoue, *use*.

Belde, *protection, refuge, resource*.

Beshrew, *let ill luck come to*.

Besette evyll, *not accomplished*.

Bestadde, *circumstanced, situated*.

Bewpeer, *companion*.

Birder, *bird-catcher*.

Ble, *colour*.

Blo, *livid*.

Blyne, *stop, cease, hesitate*.

Blyue, *quickly*.

Borowe, *v. to redeem*.

Borrow, *sub. pledge, surety*.

Bote, *remedy, advantage*.

Botte, *bitten*.

Bought, *vol. 1, p. 6, l. 33, redeemed.*

Burdon, *vol. 1, p. 97, l. 494, a pilgrim's staff. Fr.*

Bousy, *vol. 2, p. 48, l. 960, drunken.* This and the six following lines are canting rhymes, in vogue with the rogues of the 16th century, and are to be found in Dekker's "English Villanies pressed to death," &c. 4to. b. l. where the words are given as an exercise for students in the slang dialect to be reduced into intelligible language.

Bowne, *prepared.*

Braste, *to break.—broken, burst.*

Brathe, *vol. 1, p. 165, l. 108, broad?*

Brayde, *A. Sax. blow.*

Brede, *breadth.*

Breme, or brym, *vol. 1, p. 165, l. 108, fierce, furious.*

Brenned, *burned.*

Brere, *briar.*

Buskes, *bushes.*

Busked, *made ready.*

Byne, *vol. 1, p. 12, l. 160, binne? a manger.* Phillips' World of Words.

Callets, *trulls.*

Can, *began.*

Caple, *a horse.*

Carfull, *sorrowful.*

Carkes, *anxiety.*

Cesse, *to invest.*

Chare, *chariot.*

Chese, *vol. 1, p. 174, l. 312, arrived at.*

Chestayn, *chesnut.*

Chylde, *a youth not yet dubbed a knight.*

Clypping, *embracing.*

Comberous, *burdensome, troublesome.*

Confrary, *brother, or sisterhood.*

Conject, *contrive, guess.*

Coyle, *trouble.*

Crake, *to talk loudly.*

Crakyng, *boasting.*

Crest, *increase.*

Dease, *the raised floor at the upper end of the hall,  
usual in ancient dwellings.*

Deme, *doom.—to judge.*

Dene, *vol. 1, p. 84, l. 169, a valley; vol. 1, p. 24,  
l. 461, a noun of quantity.—done.*

Denay, *refuse.*

Dere, *sub. distress, hurt, v. to injure, harm.*

Dole, *alms, gift...*

Dout, *fear.*

Dreuill, *vol. 2, p. 203, 213, l. 703 and 931, driveller?*

Jamieson's Etymol. Dict.

Drough, *drew.*

Dydderyng, *vol. 2, p. 10, l. 34, shivering.*

Dyghte, *prepared.*

Dynt, *stroke*.

Ende, A. Sax. *part*.

Er, *before*.

Erst, *before*. It is sometimes redundant.

Eschewe, *avoid*.

Euerychone, *each one*.

Exigent, *extremity*.

Falwyd, *failed*.

Fare, *to go, to speed*.

Faye, *faith*.

Fayne, *glad*.

Feate, *neat, clever*.

Fell, adj. *cruel*, sub. *a skin*.

Femynie, *female sex*.

Fere, *together, in company*; also *a husband, wife, companion*.

Ferly, *strange*.

Fet, *fetched*.

Flemed, *banished*.

Flo, *flay*.

Flome, *river*.

Flowches?

Flyt, *to move quickly*.

Fode, *man, woman, or child*, according to the person addressed, or spoken of: it also signifies *food*.

Fonde, *try*.

Fonne, fone, *foes*.

Forbode, *forbidden*.

Forlaine, *vol. 1, p. 150, l. 861, lain with*.

Forlore, *forlorn*.

Forthought, *vol. 1, p. 13, l. 183, grieved*.

Forthy, *therefore, for that*.

Foster, *forrester*.

Frayne, *to enquire*. A. Sax. Frægnan.

Fyllok, *a wanton girl*.

Fyt, *part, division*.

Gabbe, *prate*.

Geason, *scarce*.

Gente, *neat, pretty*.

Genyfenycs ? *vol. 2, p. 47, l. 944*.

Gib, *hunter, a hound, or hunting dog*.

Gillots, *harlots*.

Glavour, *to look dissatisfied*.

Glose, *flatter*.

Grame, *in pain, affliction*.

Greted, *increased in size*.

Greue, *grove*.

Grome, *man, male*.

Glytte, *glided, as the motion of a sword*.

Gynne, *v. begin; sub. artifice, craft, engine*.

Haile, *pleasure*.

Halowe, *saint, holy person*.

Haskerde, *vol. 2, p. 33, l. 599, dirty fellow? From the Scotch hasky*.



Helyd, *covered.*

Hende, *civil, courteous.*

Hente, *took.*

Herbegers, *lodgers.*

Here, *their*; sometimes *her.*

Hethenesse, *land of the pagans.*

Holtes, *woods, groves.*

Houed, *stopped, stood still.*

Howes, *vol. 1, p. 84, l. 167, haws.*

Hurled, *rushed violently.*

Hyght, *called*; also *promised, undertaken.*

Jagged, *ragged, torn.*

Jauell, *a vagabond.*

Jette, *strut.*

Inquere, *enquire.*

Kene, *A. Sax. bold.*

Kenne, *know.*

Kepe, *heed, notice, care.*

Knagges, *hard knots.*

Knaue, *a male child, a servant.*

Kyf for kith, *friends, or acquaintance.*

Kyth, *to shew, try, prove.*

Lart, *left?*

Layne, *conceal.*

Leche, *surgeon.*

Lefe, leaue, or lyefe, *agreeable, loving.*

Lemman, *mistress, lover.*

- Lene, *lend*.  
Leere, *complexion, colour*.  
Lere, *lesson*.  
Lese, *lose*.  
Lesynge, *lying, falsehood*.  
Let, *hinder, prevent*.  
Lettyng, *hindrance, objection*.  
Leue, *believe*.  
Limlifter, *a friar limitour, mendicant friar*.  
Lither, *wicked*.  
Lore and lorne, *lost*.  
Lose, *praise*.  
Losel, *a worthless fellow*.  
Lother, *more disagreeable, hateful*.  
Lough, *laughed*.  
Loute, *bow, submit*.  
Lowe, *vol. 1, p. 93, l. 384, a fire*.  
Lowtryng, *loitering*.  
Luskysh, *lazy*.  
Lyghtly, *readily*.  
Lynde, *linden-tree*.  
Malary, *unhappy? From the Fr. malheureux*.  
Male, *portmanteau*.  
Maye, *maid*.  
Maynedhode, *maidenhead*.  
Mede, *reward, recompence*.  
Mell, *meddle, mix*.

Mene, *bemoan, lament.*

Meschaunt, *wicked.*

Messe, *wrong.*

Mete, *fit.*

Mew, *sub. cage, inclosure ; v. to confine.*

Meyne, *attendants, a multitude.*

Micher, *a lazy, loitering fellow.*

Mistrowe, *mistrust.*

Mode, *state of mind ; also wrath, anger.*

Molde, *earth.*

Mote, *may, must ; ' so mote I the,' so may I thrive.*

Mountenaunce, *space, distance.*

Mynt, *aimed.*

Mysse, *suspicion.*

Napry, *table linen.*

Neate, *cattle.*

Nome, *taken, took.*

Nones, *for the purpose, on the occasion.*

Norsis, *nurses.*

Olyphant, *elephant.*

Or, *before.*

Overthwart, *perverse, contrary.*

Ought, *owned, owed.*

Pardoner, *a seller of the pope's indulgences.*

Pautenere, *a purse.*

Percase, *perchance.*

Perdie, *Fr. par dieu, by God.*

- Pere, *equal*.  
Pight, *stuck, fixed*.  
Porall, Fr. *pouraille*, Roquefort Glossaire Romane,  
*poor people*.  
Postee, *power*.  
Pouille, *strip*.  
Prees, *throng, multitude*.  
Preest, *ready*.  
Presed, *crowded*.  
Prime, *morning, the first quarter of the artificial  
day*.  
Pryckynge, *riding*.  
Pthe, *thrive*.  
Pyllled, *stripped*.  
Quyte, *requite*.  
Raches, *dogs*.  
Randowne, *at random, with violence*.  
Rath, *soon, early*.  
Raught, *reached, snatched*.  
Rayed, *arrayed*.  
Rede, *advice, counsel*.  
Remeue, *remove*.  
Rewe, sub. *a rank*; v. *to lament, pity*.  
Riue, *plentiful*.  
Rode, *the cross*.  
Rought, *cared*.  
Rufflers, *a cant word for notorious villains*.

Rynde, v. *to destroy*. See Jamieson's Etymol. Dict.

where it is rendered *to dissolve, or melt*; sub. *skin*.

Ryve, *arrive*.

Sawes, *speeches, sayings*.

Scathe, *mischief*.

Scome, *to produce scum, or froth*.

Scrall, *crawl*. Jamieson's Etymol. Dict.

Seased, *yielded, seised*.

Selcowgh, *strange*.

Sely, *simple*.

Sendale, *silk*.

Serve, *to behave*.

Shente, *ruined, destroyed*.

Shone, *shoes*.

Shore, vol. 1, p. 82, l. 127, *divided, cut*.

Shryue, *act of confession*.

Shyll, *shrill*.

Skell, *reason*.

Slo, *slay*.

Sloon, *slain*.

Slouches, *clowns, slovens*.

Smert, vol. 1, p. 178, l. 389, *smarting*?

Snell, *nimble, quick*.

Snudgynge, *lying in idleness*.

Sondes, *message, a messenger*.

Sounde, *swoon*.

Sothely, *truly*.

- Soothed, *true*.  
Spedde, *fulfilled*.  
Sprent, *leaped, sprung?* Jamieson's Etymol. Dict.  
Spyll, *destroy*.  
Spyttell, *hospital*.  
Stalworth, *stout*.  
Stede, *place*.  
Stere, *stir*.  
Sterte, *rose up*.  
Steven, *sound, voice*.  
Store, *stout*.  
Stounde, *a space of time*.  
Stoure, sub. *battle*; adj. *strong*.  
Strene, *kindred, stock*.  
Suffysaunce, *sufficiency*.  
Surry, *Syria*.  
Swaddle, *to beat, to cudgel*.  
Swarmed, *climbed*.  
Swere, *neck*.  
Swythe, *swiftly*.  
Sybbe, *akin*.  
Syth, *oftentimes*.  
Tanne, *beaten*.  
Tede, *time*.  
Teld, A. Sax. *tent, or covering*; hence *tilt*.  
Tene, vol. 1, p. 19, l. 336, *grief, anger, provocation*.  
Terement, *funeral*.

The, *thrive*.

Tho, *then*.

Thro, *in agony*.

Thryft, *prudence, discretion*.

Tinde, *vol. 1, p. 50, l. 1073, tooth?* from the Islandic  
*tinne*.

Trappour, *horse cloths for parade*.

Trauers, *thwart*.

Trow, *believe*.

Twey, *two*.

Unseke, *healthy*.

Untyl, *unto*.

Ure, *hazard, toil, fortune*.

Ventayle, *vizor*.

Verament, *truly*.

Vysenamy, *physiognomy*.

Ware, *cautious, aware*.

Warne, *spare, refuse, prevent, hinder*.

Wax, *to grow*.

Wedde, *pledge*.

Wede, *armour, clothing*.

Weld, *govern, manage*.

Wende, *believed*.

Wene, *v. to believe, imagine; sub. doubt, supposition*.

Wenne, *expectation?* From the A. Sax. *wen, wena*.

Went, *turn*.

Wenyng, *supposing*.

Werch, *work*.

- West, *knew*.  
Wete, *to know*.  
Wetyng, *knowledge*.  
Whete, *promise*.  
Wone, *home*.  
Wonnie, *v. to dwell, inhabit*.  
Wodde, *wood*.  
Wode, *angry, mad*.  
Wote, *know*.  
Wray, *betray*.  
Wreke, *revenge*.  
Wrot, *written*.  
Wyght, *strong, powerful, brave*.  
Wysshe, *shew?* also the perfect tense of *wash*.  
Wyste, *knew*.  
Wyte, *vol. 1, p. 9, l. 87, know*.  
Yare, *ready, nimble*.  
Yede, *went, knew*.  
Yemen, *yeomen*.  
Yere,  
Yerning, *eager*.  
Yeue, *give*.  
Ylke, *same*.  
Yyng, *young*.  
Yongthe, *youth*.  
Yore, *for years*.  
Ywys, *I trow, I know*.

FINIS.









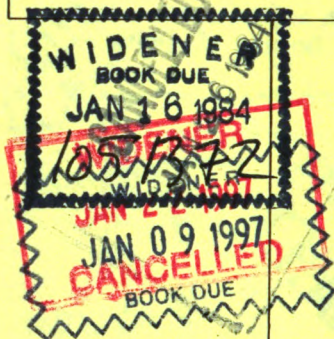






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